

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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1200 CHILDREN IN DANGER

See
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Four

LAST RACE OF A GREAT SHIP QUEEN OF SAILS

Disaster in the Hour of Triumph
THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE, B A

It is feared that the famous four-masted sailing ship the Herzogin Cecilie has sailed her last voyage, brought home her last cargo.

Like Ladas, the incomparable runner of old times who fell dead when receiving the laurel of victory at the end of the great Olympic race, she was overcome in the hour of triumph, just as the world was acclaiming her latest success, first to reach England this year in the race across the world bringing the new season's wheat from Australia to the Motherland.

Queen of Sailing Ships

The Cecilie was a German-built ship of 3100 tons, 335 feet long, 46 feet broad, and, with a mainmast 200 feet high, carried a canvas spread of 56,000 feet. Before the war she was a training-ship for German boys, and used to carry German manufactures to Australia and bring back grain, cadets forming a high percentage of her crew. After the war she passed from Germany to France, and from France to the Swedish grain trade. She was queen of the sailing ships, of which only 19 remained to challenge the perils of the ocean, none of them, alas, British.

She was a masterpiece of construction, a greyhound of her class, and eight times led the way home from Australia to claim the ocean garland—a thrilling feat to those who love the traditions of maritime achievement. Her record embodied a second romance, charming to all the world that loves a lover.

The Skipper's Bride

Unlike the schooner Hesperus, with whose skipper sailed his daughter, in the Cecilie sailed the skipper's bride, an Oxford B.A. Miss Pamela Bourne, daughter of the late Sir Ronald Bourne, the South African Secretary of Defence. A high-spirited girl, signing-on as a sailor in the clipper, last year she married its captain, to share the last triumph and its attendant tragedy.

In the last race, outdistancing her rivals, and achieving the second fastest time on record, the Cecilie reached Falmouth 86 days after sailing from Australia. Resuming her voyage from Falmouth to Ipswich she was caught in a thick fog, drove on to rocks, which holed her badly, and was then flung on to the sands between Salcombe and the ironically named Hope Cove. There great seas swept over her, drowning nearly all her livestock and flooding her grain-charged hold.

The Salcombe lifeboat rescued the crew, with three cats and a dog, but

Continued in the next column

Road Minister for the Children



The Children's Charter of the Roads suggests many new ways of making the roads safe for children. See page 4.

THE PRIMROSE IN THE WOOD Union of Two Great Houses

Two great houses were united by the week-end wedding at St Paul's Cathedral of Miss Ruth Primrose and the Hon Charles Wood, eldest son of Lord Halifax. Well is it that a Primrose joins the Wood.

The bride is a granddaughter of Lord Rosebery, who was Prime Minister, and as he was a widower and she was left an orphan by the death of her father in the war and of her mother in

a riding accident, she went as a child to live with him.

Like a fairy she "mothered" the old statesman, acted as hostess at his princely home, and always saved up her own birthday in order to keep it with him on his. At his death she joined her other grandfather, Lord Derby, who made a high festival of the wedding for his Lancashire tenants.

A special train brought up 260 of the farmers and their wives from the earl's estate, all splendid in their Sunday best, guests of honour in the Cathedral and afterwards at the reception—a distinction shared by tenants from the estates of both houses. Seeing the Lancastrians assembled, one remembered the old battle cry of the house:

Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die with Stanley,
uttered as their ancestors set forth to fight ages since under a Stanley, for kings or against kings, but always for an Earl of Derby.

Continued from the previous column

Captain and Mrs Erikson remained aboard while the timbers held together, a bitter experience for them, for this ship was to them a fortune, a fairy realm, and a proud trust. At last they left her, and as we write the hope of salvage seems very slight.

It is feared that never another like her will be built to take the place she filled with beauty as, like a graceful bird of power and majesty, she breasted the waves from world's end to world's end.

THE PITILESS WAR RACE BETWEEN RAIN AND FIRE

Will the League Renew Its
Strength and Win the Peace?

RESISTANCE STIFFENING

The war goes on its pitiless way, and the League stands where it did.

It was decided at Geneva to do what the C N expected—to carry on sanctions as they are, and to meet again. The meeting is to take place on May 11, when the full result of the French elections will be known.

In the meantime the vital thing for Abyssinia is the race between Fire and Rain. If Mussolini does not win before the rains come he can hardly win at all. If the rains find the war still undecided the Abyssinians will have an opportunity of building up their defences and the League of Nations will then have a new opportunity of seeking peace.

It does not follow, in any case, that the fall of the capital would end the war, nor does it follow that even if Mussolini wins the fighting he will win the peace.

Roads Like Quagmires

It remains to be seen whether the League will renew its strength like the eagle and exert itself with great vigour to prevent the triumph of treaty-breaking and aggression.

In the meantime the resistance of the Abyssinians has been stiffening. In the north the roads to Addis Ababa have been made impassable, while the Emperor and his army have moved somewhere to the west.

On the southern front early rains have delayed the progress of Mussolini's troops, the roads built by the Italian engineers having become quagmires. The road to Harar runs through mountainous country, a long range beyond this town having to be crossed before the railway from Addis Ababa to the Red Sea can be captured and the encirclement of the capital completed.

It is felt that there is a little new hope for the Abyssinians if they can continue their heroic resistance till the heavy rains begin in about a month; but Mussolini's bombs and gas are pitiless and the powers of justice move slowly.

THE HONESTY BOX

Huddersfield Corporation's honesty boxes placed on the buses, and already mentioned in the C N, have been a great success.

In the short time they have been in operation over £20 has been deposited in the boxes for fares missed by the busy conductors which would otherwise have been lost.

THREE MEN IN A GOLD MINE

HUMAN DRAMA OF MOOSE RIVER

The Thrilling Story the Whole World Listened To

MORE WONDERFUL THAN FICTION

Last week saw written into history one of the most remarkable dramas of human courage.

For ten days the world waited outside a mine shaft in Nova Scotia, listening hour by hour for news.

Three men had been entombed in the Moose River gold mine by a fall of rock. Had they perished? If they had their relatives and friends would have mourned, and in a day or so the world would have passed on. Such calamities are part of a miner's life and risks.

But there came a whisper, which somehow passed mysteriously around the world, that perhaps the entombed men lived. At that thought the whole world seemed to wake together to the hope that the whisper was true; and all the world listened in.

Well-Known Men

It learnt all about the men who were entombed, finding that they were not workaday miners whose names hardly anybody knows outside the mine, but men known all over Canada. One was Dr Robertson, who was a medical officer with the Canadians during the war and married a wartime nurse. Another was Mr Alfred Scadding, an official of the mine; and the third was Mr Richard Magill, a Toronto lawyer.

But even before the tale had spread the mineworkers, whose unswerving motto is never to give up hope, had set to work to dig among the fallen rock. On the second day there was a cave in of rock and earth in the tunnel they were digging. The rescuers escaped but could go no farther till timber was brought to prop the tunnel.

Still no news, and only worse news on the third day, when it was learnt that water was pouring into levels of the mine below where the three missing men were entombed.

Link With the World

On the third day a diamond drill began to bore down to where they might be. Still no news, no sound.

The fourth day came and the boring reached the rocky tomb. Down the pipe-line a microphone was lowered. From the depths a whisper stole upwards on the wire. The men lived.

That microphone wire linked them with those who were straining every nerve to rescue them. It joined them to wives and friends waiting in desperate anxiety. It joined them by unseen links of wireless to the world.

But how were they to be reached? The sands were running out. Pressing as heavily on the rescuers as the prisoners was the fear that they might be too late, that the tunnel which had been begun might collapse on the rescuers or bring down the roof of the prison cell. The diggers tore away at the rocks with pick and shovel till they dropped exhausted. While they toiled another whisper came up the wire. A weak voice told that Mr Magill had died.

The Work of the Rescuers

The world was listening breathlessly now. Before it was the picture of two men buried alive in the close darkness, a dead man beside them, and the floods threatening them. It was a talking picture, for up to the world of the living came the voice of Dr Robertson.

He spoke to his wife and she answered him. But if hope lived it was because brave men would not let it die, and while the doctor stood between life and death he made his will. If he and his

POOREST STATE IN EUROPE

Anxious Austrian Days

These are anxious days in Austria, and this poorest of Europe's little States is beset with rumours.

In the first place, it is believed that the calling-up of conscripts will cause friction between the Chancellor and Prince Starhemberg, who is Vice-Chancellor and also head of the private army known as the Heimwehr. Secondly, the Austrian Nazis have begun a whispering campaign, confidence in their cause having been reawakened by the German march to the Rhine. Lastly, the movement toward a more democratic form of government has received a decided check.

LOST IN THE DESERT

A strange story comes from Cairo of the German Minister there, Dr von Stohrer, who recently took a liberty with the desert, and almost lost his life.

With a mechanic he set out across the desert toward Baharia, and disappeared. Five days went by and he had not returned. Then the aeroplanes went out.

They found the Minister, half-starving, for he had taken rations for two days only, but quite composed. Having lost the track in a dust-storm, he and the mechanic had covered the car with a white sheet to make it more visible.

Then they settled down in hope and patience, and were rewarded, for an aeroplane found them and flew with them back to Heliopolis.

ARTIFICIAL RAIN

Artificial rain is to be used for certain crops in those areas in Russia which do not have sufficient natural rain.

It is claimed by a Soviet technical institute that these crops give a 20 per cent higher yield when sprinkled than when watered by the ordinary irrigation system. Spring wheat in the Volga region, wheat and sugar beet in the Ukraine, vegetables and tobacco in the Crimea, and cotton in Transcaucasus are to be included in the first big-scale experiments with artificial rain.

Continued from the previous column

friend Scadding, lame with injury and cramp, would not give in the rescuers would not. They had cut their way through 140 feet of rock.

Working in shifts at the narrow face many had collapsed through exhaustion. Others took their place. A call for unmarried miners brought volunteers.

Progress fell to less than a foot an hour against the narrow face. Crouched at the end of the four-foot tunnel a single miner hacked into the fallen rocks and twisted timber work. Behind him a human chain passed the wreckage to the surface. Every foot of the way the rescuers faced death from further falls.

Then at last these undaunted diggers forced their tunnel to a place where they could talk to the entombed men.

Two of the rescuers wriggled their way through the end of the tunnel into the underground chamber. They marvelled to find the prisoners cheerful, and encouraged them with hot-water bottles.

But now the end was near at hand, though there was a last-minute fear that the roof might fall in on them. It did not. The rescue party broke in next day, finding Dr Robertson and Mr Scadding stretched on a rocky ledge just above the level of the water partially filling the chamber. They had lifted to the ledge the dead body of their friend.

The cheer that went up from the crowd might have echoed round the Northern hemisphere, and the last act in this drama of brave men was one in which all who witnessed the end took part. They joined to sing:

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.

A BIG BAD BUSINESS

322 Million Postal Orders

WASTING TIME AND MONEY

It seems to us that our most excellent Post Office has not the slightest reason to congratulate itself on the sale of 322 million postal orders last year, though this astonishing total is an increase of 77 millions.

The Post Office mentions the BBC good-cause appeals as "not the least" of the causes of increase; but there is no doubt at all that the main cause is petty gambling on football results.

Here are the figures for the numbers sold for very small amounts:

6d orders	33,000,000
1s	50,000,000
1s 6d	24,000,000
2s	34,000,000
2s 6d	27,000,000
Total	168,000,000

These figures represent money largely poured out to waste, and an enormous loss of time by millions of people.

The sale of books of postal orders has had the effect of producing a new middle-man trade. People buy the books, getting a reduced poundage rate, and sell the orders singly at a slight profit.

ONE TOUCH OF SYMPATHY

As we look back on it, we shall all remember the ray of wonderful kindness and sympathy which illumines the sad story of the Brixton schoolboys who lost their lives at Easter during a blizzard in the Black Forest.

All Germany joined to show its sorrow. Herr Hitler sent a wreath when the bodies were borne to the German railway station, and another when the last rites were performed in England. A wreath came from Herr Schultz, deputy leader of the Hitler Youth Organisation, and scores of others from German boys. Each wreath of evergreen and pine cones bore the inscription To Our English Comrades.

These are the acts of simple goodness of heart which can make two peoples kin, and are more significant than many political speeches.

A picture of the Black Forest near the scene of the accident is on another page.

VIZZI

The C N would like to offer a hearty welcome to the Indian visitors who have come to take part in the cricket Test Matches this summer.

The Indian team is being led by Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram, who is the most important landlord in the Madras Presidency, with 3000 square miles of land and nearly a million people on his estate. He is a great believer in the idea that cricket helps to overcome misunderstandings between Britain and India.

The English friends of the Indian captain who found it difficult to pronounce his full name have given him the very much shorter one of Vizzi, the best way they could show their affection for him, as they did in the case of the famous Ranji.

DAVID REMEMBERS HIS FATHER

There was a pleasant surprise in the collection plate at a little Welsh chapel in Mid-Glamorgan the other Sunday night.

For twenty years an engine-driver on the G W R (Mr David Preece of Swindon) has given up his annual holiday to save money for a memorial to his parents. They were very interested in the Betharran Congregational Church at Brynmynyn, and their son, thinking of no better memorial than to help the church they loved, dropped 100 pound notes in the collection plate.

Mr Preece is 84 and has, of course, retired from the railway. The C N sends him its greetings and wishes him many years of happiness.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Transport Board has ordered 500 new buses for London, the biggest single order ever given.

It is proposed to preserve 300 acres of Sussex downland as a memorial to Mr Kipling.

The Irish Free State Dail last week passed a Bill to abolish university representation.

After 50 years as porter at Chislehurst Station, Thomas Wretham has received from the passengers a cheque for £50.

It is stated that 80 per cent of the casualties on the Italian side in Abyssinia have been suffered by the native races.

The Australian Cricket Board of Control has now decided to adopt the new leg-before-wicket rule used in English cricket.

The New York State Senate has passed a Bill forbidding the sale of petrol to drunken drivers, leaving the attendants to judge whether the drivers are drunk or not.

A new model highway to be built at Formby in Lancashire will be 120 feet wide for nearly four miles, and it will have two traffic ways and cycle tracks, grass verges and footpaths, and a reserve strip 22 feet wide down the centre.

Having failed to obtain permission to photograph last Saturday's Cup Final in Wembley Stadium the news reel companies took to the air with aeroplanes and autogiros, and the films were a great success.

A NEW WONDER OF WONDERS

We hear that Dr Ernest Benger has announced to the American Chemical Society the invention of a synthetic rayon fibre made from wood pulp one-third thinner than the finest natural silk, and so light that a one-pound ball would stretch from New York to San Francisco. It is so delicate that a garment made from it can be hidden in the palm of the hand.

THE CANNON-BALL AND THE CAR

I dispute the proposition that speed in itself is no danger.

A cannon-ball fired from a cannon is not in itself dangerous. It is dangerous only if you happen to be in the way of it. Perhaps it would like to stop short of you; but it can't—it is going too fast. That is what motorists are doing even when, in built-up areas, they obey the speed limit of 30 miles an hour.

Mr Max Beerholm

THINGS SAID

There is no place like home.

Chancellor of the Exchequer

Safety must come before our comfort.

Chancellor of the Exchequer

If the theatre dies some of our most glorious literature will rot on its bookshelves.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Act nothing in a furious passion; it is putting to sea in a storm.

Dr John Fuller

Every year the peril of a timber famine is being removed by the excellent work of foresters.

Mr E. H. Boulton

No one need sleep on the Embankment or outside in London.

Chairman of the LCC

A copy of the evening paper is the best type of fan to ward off smoke in picture houses.

Non-Smokers Defence League

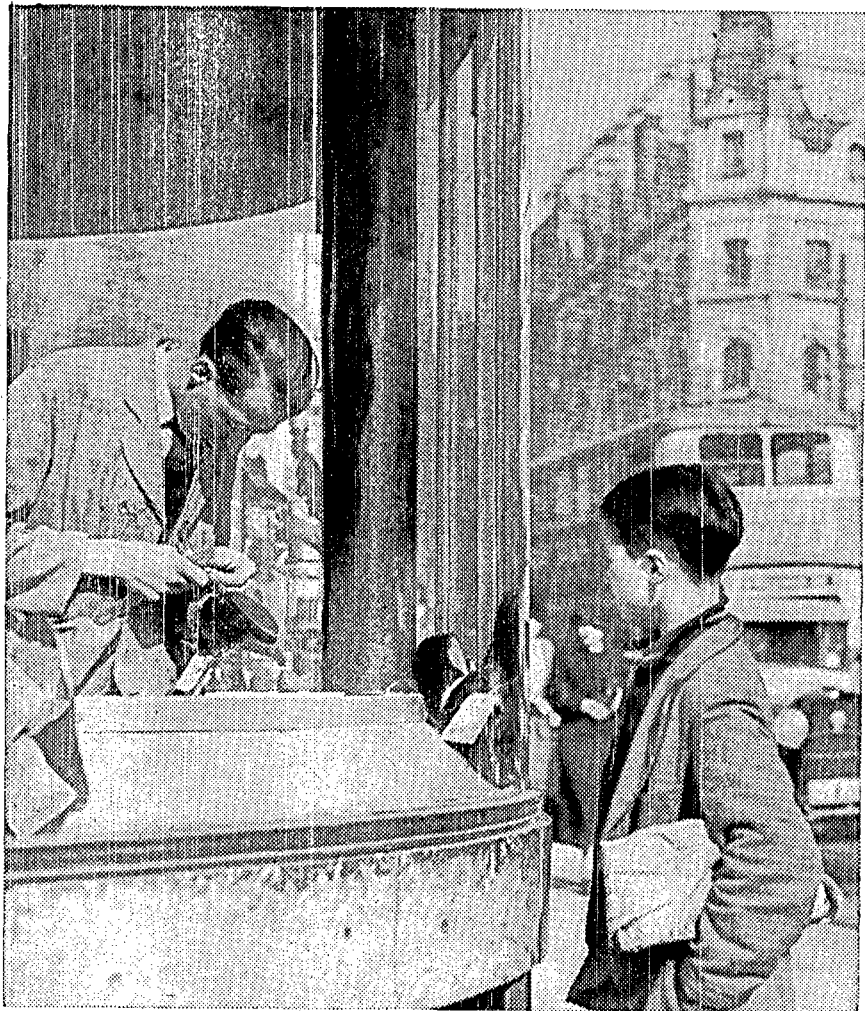
Today two men separated by less than 25 years have the impression of not living on the same planet.

M. Emile Henriot

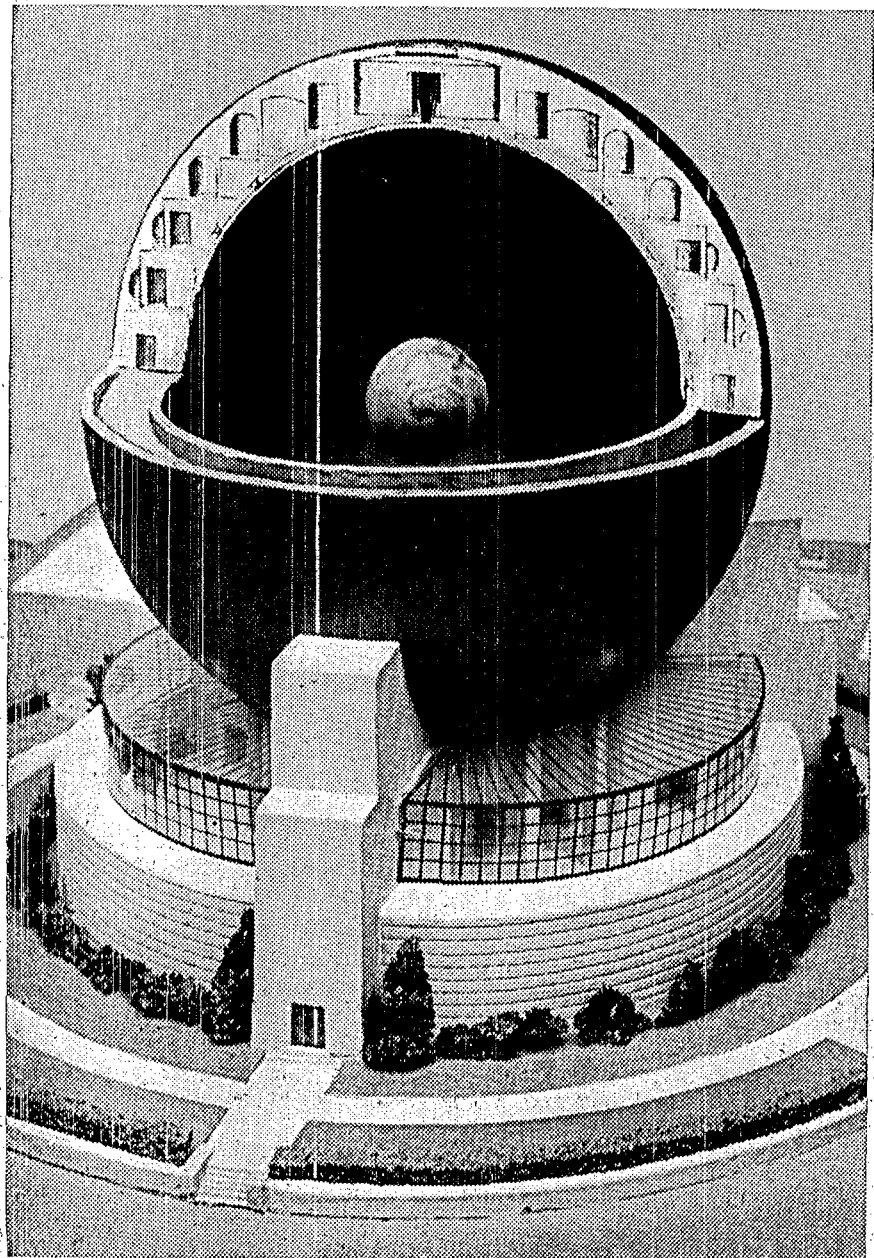
People will move heaven and earth to save five minutes and not have the faintest idea what to do with them.

Professor Joad

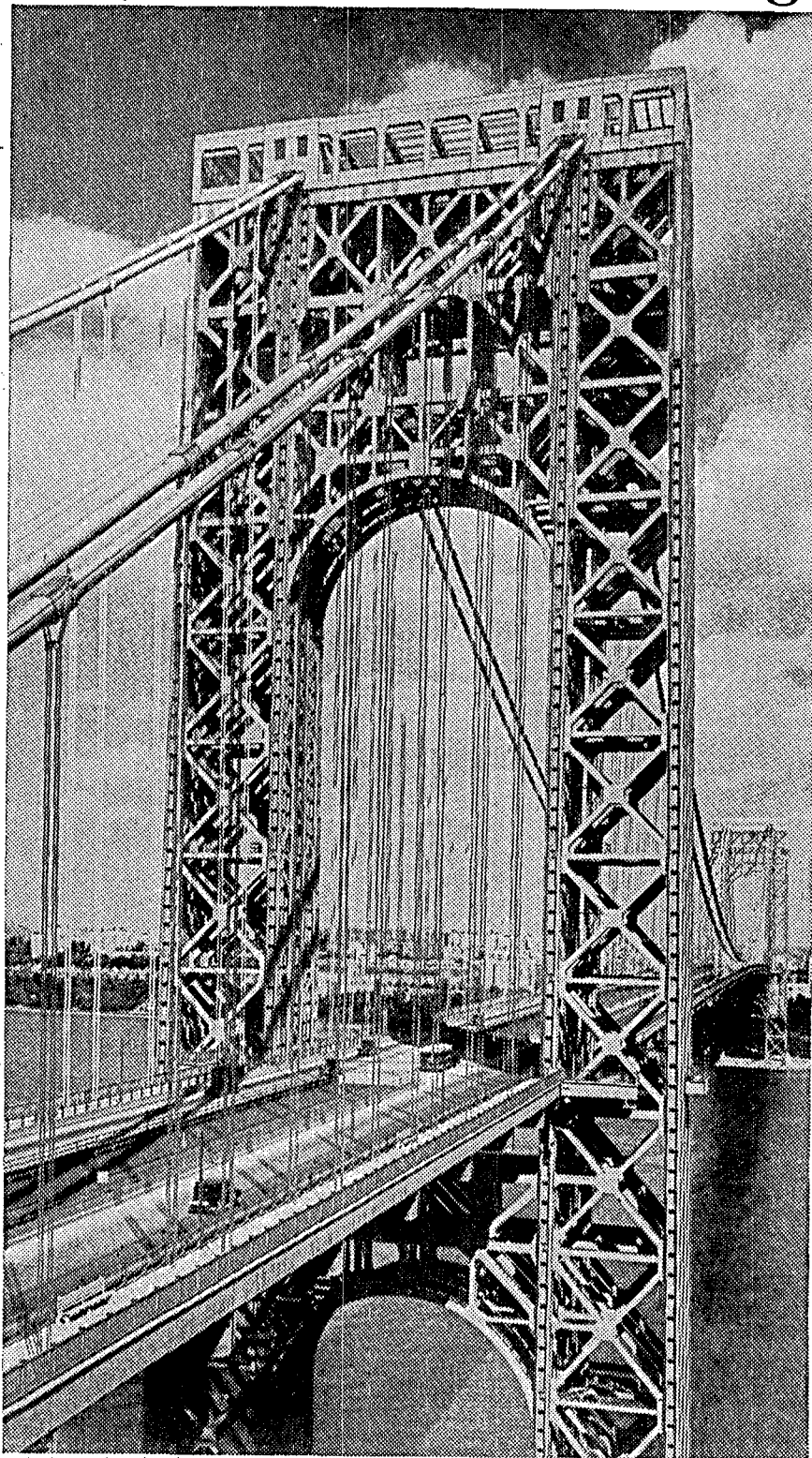
A London Window • Cosmosarium • A New York Bridge



A London Shop Window—Watching the while-you-wait shoe repairer in Tottenham Court Road.



The Cosmosarium—A model of Chicago's great Cosmosarium, described on page 13, with a section removed to show the interior.



George Washington Bridge—The great suspension bridge that links New York and New Jersey. The towers are 635 feet high.



A Few Days Old—Two of the four lion cubs which were born recently at a zoo in Ramsgate.

THE SWALLOWS ARE HERE AGAIN

50 of Them Go To Bed SHAKESPEARE AND OUR SUMMER GUESTS

The swallows have come back to us from Africa, back to their old nesting sites under the eaves of cottage and barn strung out from Land's End to John o' Groats.

How many were lost in making the great voyage through the terrible weather will never be known, but we do know that one party of 50 swallows saved themselves by going to bed. Driven by bitter storms to seek refuge, they made their way into a bedroom in a house at Lindau on Lake Constance, and were found snug in the very bed itself.

Would not this have supported the belief of our ancestors, who held that swifts, martins, and swallows stayed here all the year, sleeping away the winter in the mud at the bottom of ponds and lakes? Even Gilbert White was much perturbed over the problem; he could not accept the mud story, but he did believe that swallows hid in holes, barns, and steeples, and lay torpid from autumn until spring.

Our First Naturalist

He was a great naturalist—our first; yet Shakespeare, who lived more than a century before the immortal parson, knew that swallows migrate, and turned his knowledge to account in lovely lines.

He makes Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* speak of "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty." Still more significant is his reference to the martin in the beautiful picture of the scene before Macbeth's castle, when Banquo speaks of "This guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet."

Shakespeare knew nothing of routes of migration, but he did not think that birds hibernate like frogs and toads and reptiles; he knew that with the end of summer swallows fly away, and with spring come trooping back.

He left his second best bed to Anne Hathaway, his wife; but so much did he love the swallow that to have housed shivering swallows in a frigid spring he might have reserved his very best bed for their occasional use.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL

Pathetic Drama of the Sea

Two years after the sea had claimed a merchant seaman it bore his last message home.

The cargo steamer Saxilby went down in a storm of 1934, 400 miles west of Ireland, and not a man was saved; but before the ship went down Joe O'Kane found a tin and shut up in it this pencilled message:

S.S. Saxilby sinking somewhere off Irish coast. Love to sisters, brother, and Dinah. Joe O'Kane.

Dinah was his wife, who lives at Aberavon, near Port Talbot on the Glamorgan coast.

For many months the tin was carried on the currents of the Atlantic Ocean and St George's Channel, till at last, about a fortnight ago, or possibly more, it was washed up on Port Talbot beach.

Someone by chance opened it and found there the message the sea had brought and left undamaged.

THE TWO PLANES

A model aeroplane driven by elastic disappeared over the horizon after it had been launched near Rouen.

The owner jumped into a real plane, flew after it along the course of the River Seine, and watched the model plane land more than four miles from the place from which it had taken off.

1200 Children in Danger ONE YEAR TO SAVE THEM

THE summer is coming and our wonderful Minister of Transport has made himself the man of the hour again.

He has dramatically reminded us that 1200 children are killed on our roads every year, which means that in the next year we have the opportunity to save this number of lives.

While most of our politicians are talking about ways to kill people, Mr Hore-Belisha is doing his best to save us. No man has ever done more to make the roads safe for us all.

He has made us all road-conscious. He has got rid of our reckless habit of leaving our lives in somebody else's hands whenever we cross the road. We all know now how dangerous our roads are. The pity is that the world has still too many people who care nothing for others and too many who do not take care of themselves. They are the Hogs and the Loons of the road.

Every boy and girl will be grateful to Mr Hore-Belisha for the new Children's Charter of the Road. We give its proposals in another column, and it is high time they were carried out. While this is being done the C.N. wishes to look at one or two things that must be done before our roads are safe for those to whom they belong.

We suggest to the Minister of Transport that there are three points of first-class importance waiting to be dealt with.

There are thousands of incompetent drivers on the road. The tests show it.

There are thousands of dangerous drivers on the road. The British Medical Association report shows it.

There are thousands of dangerous cars on the road. All experience shows it.

Mr Hore-Belisha tells us that about one in ten of the applicants for driving licences are incapable. It is good news that the bad drivers are being kept off the road, but it is bad news that inefficient drivers are allowed to continue merely because they happen to be there.

Test All Drivers

It is a reasonable proposition that, if ten per cent are inefficient now, twenty per cent have been so in the days before control, and in that case one driver in five is unfit to be on the road.

All this is a terrible handicap on the efforts the Minister of Transport is making, and we beg him to consider that every driver should be tested.

We are all entitled to know that the utmost possible is being done to give us confidence, and every driver should be tested and declared efficient. It is hard to get rid of all the hogs and the selfish people on the roads, but at least we can get rid of drivers who cannot drive. Every motorist sees them every hour, and every policeman too.

The fact that this is costly and difficult has nothing to do with it. Nothing is costly that saves life.

We consider this the most important piece of work Mr Hore-Belisha has still to do, for in the end all the evils of this world come back to human nature. The fault is not in the machine or in our stars, but in ourselves. We propose that Mr Hore-Belisha should ask for power

to put every driver on the roads to an efficiency test within a year. The lives of 1200 children are at stake, and they are worth the trouble.

As to the bad cars on the roads, the C.N. is profoundly convinced that the motor manufacturers themselves have thousands of lives on their conscience. They turn out cars not fit for the roads, with brakes that will not work, and with faults of a dozen kinds.

We believe that there is no industry in this country which has so little pride in its efficiency as the motor industry.

We have been motoring from the beginning and cannot remember buying a car which was delivered perfect. It is everybody's experience.

Bad Brakes on New Cars

As to the brakes, there is no question that there are thousands of dangerous brakes always on the road. We ourselves have had to give up one of the most popular British cars because the brakes could not be relied on. A dozen times they went into the works, and a dozen times they came out unworkable, until at the end of a year the works put in a new set of brakes.

Every motorist knows these things, and the matter should be taken up without fear or favour. There should be a periodical inspection of cars for brake and tyre difficulties, and no inefficient vehicle should be allowed on the roads. It is far too grave a matter to allow sympathy and sentiment to decide it.

As to the dangerous driver, he may often be unsafe in the most efficient car; but there is one set of dangerous men who can be disposed of. They are the drivers who prefer a little drink for themselves to a little more safety for others. The British Medical Association report on drinking drivers has received far too little attention for a perfectly obvious reason; but the time has come when the lives of thousands of people are at stake, and no act of selfishness can be allowed to stand in the way.

It is perfectly plain that even a little alcohol is bad for drivers. It is perfectly plain that the drunken driver has become a pest on the roads and a source of terror. He should be dealt with ruthlessly, and an end should be put to all the nonsense about this subject.

If the Minister of Transport will concentrate on getting off the road the bad drivers and the bad cars he will do wonders to add to the wonders he has already done.

TOMMY ATKINS, B A

Lance-Corporal Charles Fordham asked in plenty of time if he might have his leave in March.

No one knew that he wanted it then because he hoped to sit for the London University examination. He has just been awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

His commanding officer was astonished, for Fordham never neglected his duties and had taken an active part in sport.

The subjects he studied were ancient and modern literature and Chinese art.

And So the Good Work Goes On

WHILE most of us have been shivering in England a party of 30 young English people have been glowing with the hard work of preparing a new Youth Hostel for France.

They have been helping members of the French Youth Hostels to renovate the old Château de Brolles near Fontainebleau; stripping the walls of layers of paper, scrubbing the paintwork, distemper, the wall-scream colour, cleaning gutters, and stitching new curtains.

The hostel will be used by young people coming from all over the world

to visit Fontainebleau, so that not only has its making been an experiment in international friendship, but its future will continue that friendship.

On the last morning the youngest member of the English party, a boy from the Friends School at Ackworth, planted a tree in the hostel courtyard, putting under it a sealed bottle with the names of all who took part in the work. This tree with its roots in international friendship is a symbol of the Youth Hostel movement, which also draws its strength from contact with the earth.

SAFETY CHARTER OF THE ROAD

Fifteen Proposals

These are the main proposals in the Report of the Committee on Road Safety for Children.

Local Councils should set up Children's Safety Committees to survey their areas, promote local propaganda, and advise on the best form of protection at crossings near schools.

A Central Committee should review the work and report each year.

Children under seven should not be allowed alone on the highway.

A policeman should attend busy crossings near schools, or a trial might be given with adult patrols at crossings, these patrols having been trained by the police and equipped with a special traffic sign.

Experiments should be made with a sign which gives warning only when children are entering or leaving school.

School hours might be altered in industrial towns in order to avoid congested hours on the roads.

The provision of new footpaths should be speeded up.

Local authorities should provide playing fields and other playing places with trained play leaders.

School playgrounds should be open out of school hours and during holidays.

A law should be passed to enable local authorities to set apart streets for play.

Children should be forbidden to cycle to school when traffic conditions are dangerous and other means of travel are available.

Bicycles of too large a size or defective in any way should not be used, and carriers should be fixed for books.

Young children should be forbidden to ride to school on scooters or fairy cycles.

The laws relating to the use of the roads should be more drastically enforced, particularly in disqualifying convicted drivers.

The question of a compulsory red rear light on cycles should be considered.

TRAMPS INVITED IN

Cordelia's Way

Now that Miss Cordelia Hawksley has died we wonder if there is anyone alive who keeps a card in the window inviting tramps to come in.

Miss Hawksley was far too polite to call them tramps; she called them ramblers, and her home in Winchester was called *The Ramblers* because in a way it belonged to them. She devoted herself to trying to help them.

If there was nothing else she could do for a tramp she would give him tea, and say a little prayer for him.

Nobody can count all the kind things she did in the 87 years of her life. She must often have turned despair into hope, and many hearts will be heavy on the road now that she has gone.

A PRAYER FOR MAY 6

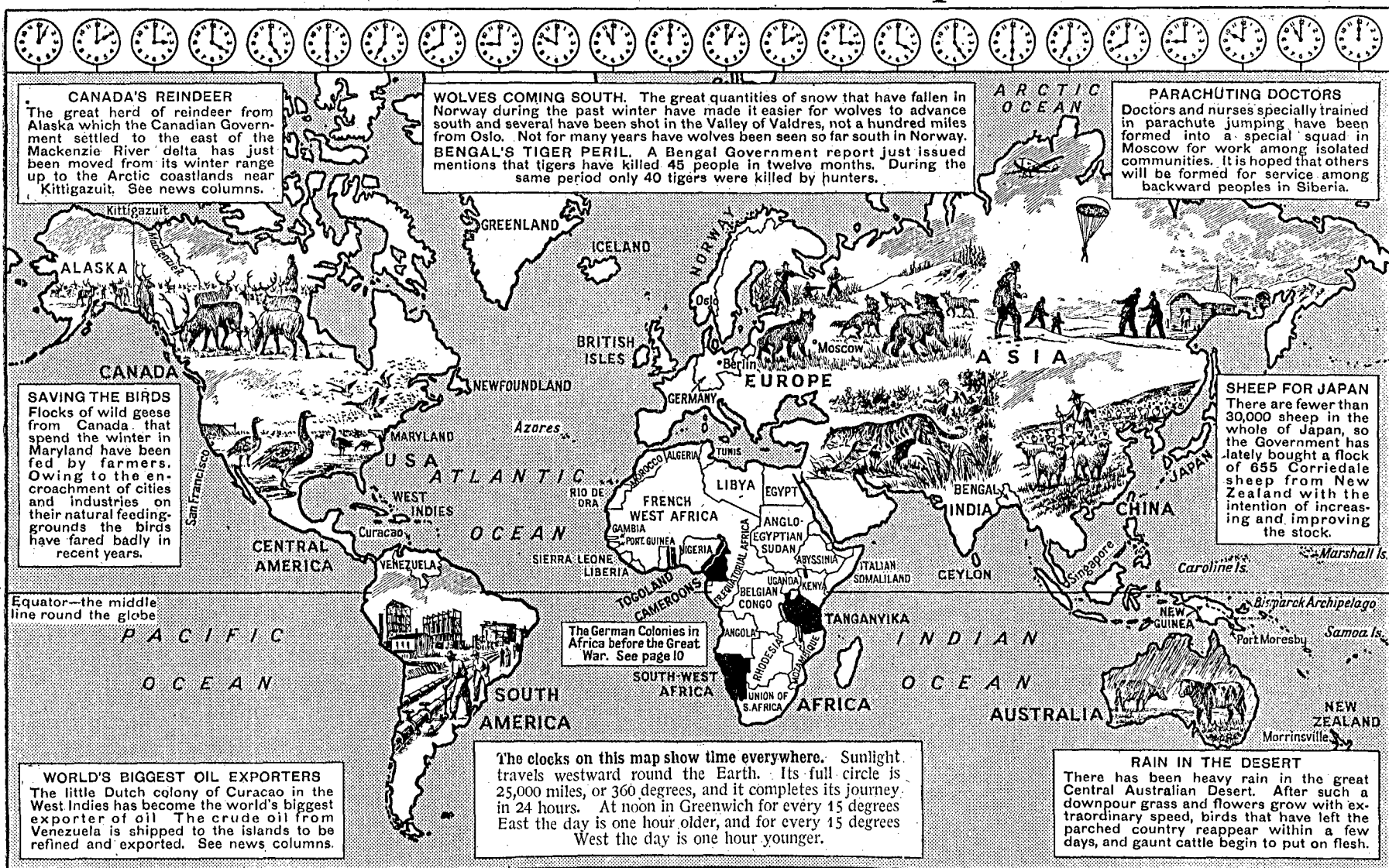
On the morning of May 6 a great wave of prayer will sweep round the Earth.

Its object is to unite the will-to-good in the hearts of mankind and to deepen our awareness that all men are brothers, all working toward a like goal, the expression of the best that is in us.

Just as the invisible waves of wireless travel around the Earth working for good or for ill according to the meanings they express, so can our thoughts travel far and build up or tear down. By uniting the universal will-to-good in one great wave of thought it is hoped to bring into being so strong a desire for peace that the world will be cured of its folly.

People of many nations and many creeds will be striving to attune their thoughts and actions to peace on May 6. It is one of those things the least among us can do for what all of us want.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



WORLD'S BIGGEST OIL EXPORTERS

Amazing Rise of West Indian Refineries

The tiny Dutch colony of Curacao in the West Indies has now beaten every country as an exporter of oil.

Last year her exports were 119 million barrels, a million more than the United States. It is a remarkable achievement, and proves once more what can be done by foresight and industry.

Curacao is the name of the biggest of the colony's two groups of islands, which together have a population of 80,000. Their total area is 400 square miles, or about a third the size of Holland.

Curacao is a comparatively flat island with few rivers and so small a rainfall that water has to be carefully stored. Until this century its chief products were cattle, salt, and phosphate, but with the opening of the oilfields in Venezuela a great opportunity to establish a prosperous industry was seized by the Dutch. The island has good harbours, and fleets of tankers were sent to bring the crude oil to the island for conversion in refineries into petrol, fuel oil, and so on for distribution in the world's markets.

The oil production of Venezuela, now the third biggest in the world, gives a clue to the rapid development of the industry which thrives on it. In 1919 the output was 476,000 barrels, in 1923 it was four million, and last year it had reached the huge total of 149 million.

How busy the ports of Curacao and its companion islands are is shown by the tonnage of the ships entering them, which amounts to about 50 millions a year.

See World Map

Americans are complaining of the English accent on their wireless.

A plan to rebuild Moscow in ten years has been authorised by the Russian Government.

REINDEER ON THE MOVE

Great Trek in Arctic Canada

Canada's great experiment of bringing reindeer from Alaska and settling them in the North-West territories seems to have met with much success.

The reindeer were provided with a great reserve of 6600 square miles to the east of the Mackenzie River delta, and reports from Canada say that the herd is in excellent condition in spite of the abnormal severity of the winter. The winter is spent in the southern part of the range, and for the past few weeks the herd has been trekking north to summer pastures along the Arctic coast in the region of Kittigazuit. The families of the herders travel north by dog-team over the snows, following the river.

At the end of the northward trek the reindeer are herded into a sheltered valley, and there the fawns are born. In spite of temperatures as low as 32 degrees below zero the fawns, born in the open, survive, and a few hours later are walking awkwardly about. Within a few days they are scraping about for moss to augment their food supply.

The annual round-up of the herd takes place in August, when the animals are counted and marked, and some are killed for food.

See World Map

CIVILISATION ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

America has an organisation, the Osborne Association, for the study and remedy of crime, and its own estimates show how sorely it is needed.

It is calculated that crime costs the United States £2800,000,000 a year.

This incredible figure is said to cover costs of prisons, police, law courts, and loss of and damage to property. We hesitate to accept it, but what is a hard fact, and not dependent on estimating, is that America has 160,000 people in her prisons. In 1910 the prisoners numbered 70,000, so that recent years have witnessed an enormous growth in crime.

AN OLD BOAT CALLS AT PAPUA

A boat which used to go no farther than backward and forward across the Channel between France and England has lately caused a bit of excitement in Papua, south-east New Guinea.

We read about it in that fascinating paper which comes regularly to the C N office, The Papuan Villager, the little monthly read by everybody who can read English in Papua. It is edited by the Government Anthropologist which Australia provides for this interesting colony, the anthropologist's job being to interpret the Papuan mind to civilisation and civilisation to the Papuans.

The boat which caused the stir was the Rosaura, an old Channel boat bought by Lord Moyné, who goes cruising round the world in her. He called at Port Moresby, Papua's capital, but had to go on to Rabaul for sufficient water to refill his tanks. Not, however, before many Papuans had gone on board and seen the monkey chained on deck!

There are no monkeys in Papua, so this one drew the crowd, but he had only recently been captured and was nervous of the strangers. With Lord Moyné, however, he had already made friends, and we read that he would climb up the leg of his trousers and pull at his hand to attract him when he thought his master was giving too much attention to the visitors and not enough to him.

POOR BIRDS

It is lamentable to learn that in a single small stretch of our southern coast, only 15 miles long, as many as 776 birds were found last year trapped by oil discharged from ships.

Many of the poor creatures were coated in thick oil and so helpless that they had to be destroyed.

We may kill ourselves on our roads if we like, but surely it is due from a great nation to stop this pitiless torture and slaughter of little birds?

FUN IN THE POST

Round the World in 53 Days

TALE OF A CN ENVELOPE

Our correspondent in New Zealand has been having fun with the post, sending out letters as if they were racing pigeons, to see how quickly they can get to England.

Of two letters he posted on the same day (March 9) at Morrinsville in New Zealand, one reached us on March 31 and one on April 15.

The winner crossed to Australia and there picked up the Australia-Singapore-England Air Mail and reached us in 22 days with a fine 3s air mail stamp (thereby causing great excitement among the stamp collectors in the C N office). The other letter travelled by land and sea and took 15 days longer.

Our New Zealand friend made another envelope go round the world in 53 days. It was the envelope of a letter we posted to him on January 3, which, after crossing America and being brought to New Zealand on February 3 by the liner Maunganui from San Francisco, was put into a covering envelope and returned to us by air mail. It took the Australia-Singapore route and reached us on February 25, having completely circled the globe in 53 days.

THE POISONED MUSSEL

Mussels have a doubtful reputation in some countries because they sometimes poison those who eat them.

A clue to this behaviour has been found in America, where it has been shown that the mussels are themselves poisoned. This occurs when the sea-water round the mussel banks is filled with a certain tiny creature with the long name of Gonyaulax catanella.

At night it gives off light: and when the water about the mussel haunts is phosphorescent it is dangerous to eat the mussels. They have fed on the catanella and have been poisoned.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 2

1936

The Dark Age Men

We give our platform this week to Sir Norman Angell, whose opinion of the political situation is always of much significance.

It is sometimes asked whether Hitler is sincere in his professions of a desire for peace, and it is often insisted that he should give evidence of his good intentions.

The fact that Hitler is entirely sincere is perhaps the gravest and most sinister element in the whole situation. A man who pursues an evil course knowing it in his heart to be evil can be reasoned with as someone open to conviction as to the harm his evil is doing; but a man who pursues evil courses passionately and religiously convinced that they are right courses presents an infinitely more dangerous phenomenon.

The phenomenon is not uncommon, and in the history of religions leaders have frequently been convinced that it was the duty of others to make human sacrifices, offering up virgins or children to them or to their gods.

What is to be our attitude to a group of fanatics who, seizing power by violence, set out deliberately to put back the clock of civilisation and to reintroduce for the purposes of their savage political religion the Inquisition, torture, the Star Chamber, and the lettre-de-cachet (a secret warrant for imprisonment)?

We have to say that what is happening in Germany is wrong. We do not intend to see the Dark Ages return without a kick and a protest. We have no feeling against the German or the Italian people. But if your friend, owing to some quirk in his mental processes, suddenly turns right and wrong upside-down, tries to ruin your home, debauch your children, destroy the peace of the neighbourhood, what should be your attitude toward him? Are you to receive him in your house as heretofore, pretend that his ideas and conduct are really harmless, play golf with him, join with him in the Olympic Games? That would imply that right and wrong had lost meaning in your mind.

When I am asked what is the best method of defence by arms I surrender no conviction in answering: *If you must use arms use them by the collective method, the least evil and the least dangerous way.* We must stand in common against those who challenge the foundations of civilisation, even though they might plead that their victims were only members of the race which gave us Jesus Christ or the patriots of an ancient African State we had sworn to defend.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the anolent River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Life in Two Lines

By Wee Three

A LITTLE Three-Year-Old lady in the South of England has sent us a poem which we gladly use. It is far better poetry than anything we have read by Gertrude Stein, and there are many poorer verses in Wordsworth:

Ah, Sunday, Sunday!

Oh, Monday, Monday!

Is there not the whole philosophy of Work and Rest in these two lines?

May



My Lady Wind—By J. R. Monsell

Nightingales or What?

THERE is always somebody going into the country for the first time—and what a treat it is! But this time our story is of really-country Brownies who found themselves in a wood where the nightingale used to sing before civilisation crept up the hill.

The Brownies heard a sound that was not familiar to their country ears, and as they were wondering what it could be one little Brownie exclaimed, "Please, captain, is it the nightingale?"

It was not the nightingale; it was the frogs croaking in the pond.

All We Like Sheep

IN nothing is the civilisation of a people better to be judged than in its treatment of offenders.

The savage punishes cruelly; the civilised man sees in the criminal a good man lost and seeks to retrieve him.

Our English prisons are becoming increasingly merciful. The cruelty of solitary confinement is diminishing. The system of paying wages to prisoners for work done is being developed.

It takes many sorts of people to make a world, and if we desire to be wise and helpful and understanding in life we should never shrink from trying to save those who have gone astray in some few hours of crime or folly. After all, *All we like sheep have gone astray.*

Putting it Plainly

EACH morning the drivers of the Preston Corporation are warned to be careful by these lines on their depot wall:

The folks want you at home tonight.

We want you here tomorrow.

The hospitals don't want you at all.

That certainly puts it plainly.

One Day

By Our Country Girl

I want to live among the fields
With silence and the sky;
And I must live with streets and walls
And traffic, till I die.

But after—God forgive my sins
And let my heaven be
A green and lonely English field
To haunt eternally.

Tip-Cat



ALL boys should remember the high tradition of English schools. It's up to them.

THE young man who advertises that he will do anything and travel anywhere evidently hopes to go far.

FARMERS bow to the ruling of the weather. But rarely have time to nod.

SUB-POSTMASTERS are agitating for the postage stamp to be better gummed. Will they pull it off?

SOME youths lack grit. Others are stony.

WHEN you get a motor-car you get new friends. Some drop off.

BRITISH bees are to be insured. Will insurance agencies be stung?

BOOK-ENDS make a charming present, says a writer. The middle is usually more interesting.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If the boy who
lent a hand ever
got it back



SOME people seem to be made of money. And are soon spent.

WHAT is a newspaper to do if its public leaves it? somebody asks. Can't its columns support it?



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

WEST WYCOMBE and Hughenden Parks are to be saved for at least 15 years from the builder.

A MAN has been fined £15 for cruelty by not exercising his dog.

JUST AN IDEA

It will help to lighten the burden of life if you will learn to laugh at yourself.

Are We Truly Free and Brave?

MEN whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and
free,

If there breathe on Earth a slave
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

THEY are slaves who fear to
speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not
choose

Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must
think;

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell

The Office Boy

By The Pilgrim

THE other day, in a business office, there was a tap at the door, and a clerk came in, said a few words, and went. When he had gone the business man told this story:

He is the best clerk I have ever had—and I nearly lost him.

As an office boy he was the most stupid fellow you ever saw. He came to me when he was fifteen and could not address an envelope. I called him all the names I could, but it was no use.

One day, after a run of mistakes, he went home crying. I made up my mind to get rid of him, but thought I would give him one more chance, so the next day we set him to add up a few figures. The pounds and shillings were wrong, but he got the pence right, so I told him, sarcastically, that it was wonderful—he had got one column right!

I meant it witheringly, but the boy thought I was praising him and his face shone. "I'll soon get it right, sir," he said, and so he did. He went to work with a will and took a new lease of life, and has never looked back.

A Prayer For Wars if They Must Be

If wars must be, Soul, let them be within,
Since, conflict gone, all earthly life must cease.
Side Thou with fear against the pride of sin,
And wean the world by patience unto peace.

E. H. W. Myerstein

A Word From Shakespeare

To One Whose War Drags On

Things ill-got had ever bad success.
Henry the Sixth

THE UNKNOWN RECORDER

The Man Who Puts Things Down

A VERY IMPORTANT SHORTHAND WRITER

There was an interesting little dinner in London the other night at which the company were a judge, various members of the Bar and Law Courts, and members of the Institute of Shorthand Writers.

The shorthand writers are the men who record all that happens in the courts while trials are in progress. The public knows nothing about them, but they play a very important part in the building up of our legal history. Not only do they record the evidence and examination of witnesses, but also the legal arguments and decisions of the judges on which the conduct of cases may turn generations hence.

The Leading Case

Only those familiar with courts know how astonishingly intricate is the administration of the law. Parliament makes the laws; the judges interpret and apply them. On some interpretation of an obscure point in an Act may depend the fate of an estate, the liberty, even the life, of a man.

During a trial counsel raises an objection to a course being followed, or to certain evidence being admitted or refused. Out from counsel's brief-bag, or from the shelves of the library, come books of the law reports. Almost in an instant a leading case is found governing the situation, or some decision seemingly important until the judge or the opposing counsel finds a later and more decisive finding by some other judge. The case with its vital issues turns on those earlier findings, and the man wins or loses his cause or his life accordingly.

A Literature Apart

The men who have recorded them for all time are the shorthand writers, sitting in their seats unnoted, their fingers skimming like living machines over the pages of their notebooks, taking down every word spoken. The counsel argue and battle, the judge decides—on precedent and previous decisions set down by these busy stenographers. The newspapers, of course, have no space for such lengthy reports, which go into bound volumes, a literature apart, known only to the Law.

How much shorthand do these experts write in the course of their daily work? Mr G. J. Emery, their president, told his guests that the number increases. In his early years 30,000 words formed a good daily average, but now the number has grown to 40,000, rising at times as high as 48,000 words a day. Too much, he says, quite rightly, leading to ragged arguments and bad English.

So counsel must beware—and judges too, it seems—for they are like prisoners in that what they say is taken down and may be given in evidence against them.

A NEW AIRPORT FOR THE CITY

The City of London is making plans to construct an airport of its own, charging its cost on the rates.

The proposed site is on the Fairlop Plain which lies between Ilford and Hainault Forest, ten miles from the heart of the City. The airport will cover about 1000 acres and will cost £600,000.

Fairlop has a railway station, and the Underground is planning an extension to Ilford with a terminus near the magnificent double-track road which runs through Ilford to Romford, so that the new airport should be as accessible as Croydon and Heston.

TWO THINGS ABOUT AN OLD LADY

Blind But Always Cheerful

LOVING THE BEAUTY SHE COULD NOT SEE

Of Miss Magdalen Horsfall, the beloved blind lady whose loss left many mourning, two splendid things were said.

One was that she never forgot anything but injuries. The other was that she never allowed anyone else to do for her what she could possibly learn to do for herself.

That fine determination was a necessity to her if she was to make the best of her life, because she lost her sight when a child of seven. But the blind girl went to a school at Cheltenham and won many prizes; and to Oxford, with high hopes of winning honours there. Then to her blindness was added another handicap of delicate health, and these honours had to be forgone.

Seeing With Her Sister's Eyes

With the help of a devoted sister she travelled Europe, seeing towns and cathedrals with her sister's eyes, and storing all that she was told in the wonderful orderly memory she had. Languages came easily to her, and writing, if harder to one of her fastidious taste, was an art which she cultivated to a degree which made her books of travel of high value.

One example of her ability to cope with her blindness was that she became a proof-reader of the Braille books of the National Institute for the Blind. In the war her knowledge of languages, her industry, and her orderliness of mind made her an ideal secretary for the Serbian Red Cross.

It is a sad recollection that some of the horrors of the war which were brought to her notice so shocked her sensitive mind that one of her heart attacks dated from translating an account of them for the Peace conference.

She loved the beautiful things she could not see and the beautiful things she could hear, more especially church music. She made life happier for others and in her own life sweetened affliction.

MILK IS BEST

What the Government Does With It

The Milk Board is acting with commendable enterprise. Faced with the problem of surplus milk and the sale of milk by farmers at low prices to manufacturing firms the Board is actively organising what is really the State manufacture of butter and cheese.

Fine modern central factories are springing up which make the best possible use of the dairy farmer's product. The farmer gets a decent price for his milk from the State factories.

About a third of the milk produced in our land is not consumed as milk, but sold to manufacturing firms of many sorts, not only for butter and cheese but for confectionery. The price varies, but averages about 5d a gallon. No wonder the farmer is glad that the Milk Board was set up to obtain fair play for both producer and consumer.

The Milk Board does a great deal to encourage the sale of milk in its natural state. About £60,000 was spent last year in encouraging us to drink the most nutritious of all fluids.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ceres	See-reez
Curaçao	Coo-rah-sah-o
Ithaca	Ith-ah-kah
Lavoisier	La-vwah-zyay
Weimar	Vy-mahr

MORE WORK BEING DONE

The Recovery of Peace

ONLY WAR FEARS IN THE WAY

The Ministry of Labour, in its report on last year, points out that the number of insured people in work at the December count was a record, reaching 10,599,000. In March the insured rose to 10,630,000.

The excellent thing about this figure is that it represents rather more than one employed person for each British family. There must be comparatively few families without one paid worker, but the distressed families are concentrated largely in the Distressed Areas.

The unemployed fell in March to 1,947,998. Of these the Northern districts, Wales, and Scotland had the largest share; London had only 194,444, and all the South of England 200,963.

Only political uncertainty stands in the way of a further all-round advance.

PAID-FOR HOLIDAYS

A Good Movement Spreading Far and Wide

A holiday worth having is one in which the payment of wages continues, and we are glad to see that the paid-holiday movement continues to spread.

A number of new agreements on the subject have been made of late.

As a general rule the agreements provide that payment shall be made for public holidays and for a certain additional period, usually from three to twelve days in the year. In some cases the extent of the holiday is directly governed by the length of service, and sometimes conditional on good conduct.

The number of workers included in such schemes is said to be about 1,500,000.

ON THE ZUYDER ZEE

120,000 More Acres For Holland

The Zuyder Zee reclamation plan has been held up for lack of funds.

The north-western section, which has been completed, now consists of flourishing fertile fields, with roads and bridges, and is the site of three little townships.

Now the north-eastern section is to be tackled at an estimated cost of £18,000,000, the work to be completed in 1946. This section will add 120,000 acres to the land area of Holland.

It is all a very fine work, one of the immense achievements of peace, upon which the Dutch are to be warmly congratulated.

C N POSTER STAMPS

Filling Up the Album

Now that the blank spaces in the C N Poster Stamp Album are more than half filled readers are able to see what a beautiful little colour gallery will be theirs when the collection is complete.

A perusal of the album, too, may be very helpful now that the question of summer holidays is coming up. There will be free rail travel for 300 clever boys and girls who have entered for the C N's great Mapping Test which is now being judged. It is hoped that the names of winners will be announced next week.

Four more Poster Stamps for the album are given with this week's C N, and four are to be given next week.

AULD LANG SYNE

Praise For the Parting Guest

LORD WILLINGDON'S GOODBYE TO INDIA

One Viceroy has gone from India, and another governs in his stead.

Lord Willingdon leaving Bombay met Lord Linlithgow arriving, and the two, at this parting of their ways talked together for some hours at Government House. Only those who know India may guess what the Viceroy who has administered its vast complexities in the years while they were being recast had to say to the Viceroy who has to administer the new order.

What India Felt

But we know what India felt and had to say about the departing Viceroy. At Delhi, where 37 ruling princes gave a farewell banquet to him and to Lady Willingdon, the Maharajah of Travancore, speaking for the others, said Lord Willingdon had worked with rare patience toward the ordered development of India as a self-governing unit within the British Commonwealth. To that unit the Order of Princes had a special contribution to make. Lord Willingdon had been in a very real sense the head of Indian society.

As head of it Lord Willingdon chose the moment to put aside the compliment to himself and beg the princes not to lose the opportunity to come forward to play a part in the government of their Motherland. That the appeal did not miss its mark was shown next day when all the princes met to see their guest of honour off at the railway station.

Lord Willingdon said goodbye to each, and the great mass of common people said their goodbye in bursts of cheering and in singing Auld Lang Syne. The cheering and the singing went on till the train was out of sight.

The Last Word

Bombay, the port of departure, was the last Indian city to echo the tribute paid at the capital to the Viceroy's statesmanship and his sympathy with Indian aspirations. In New Delhi the Indian princes spoke. In Bombay the Municipal Corporation had the last word.

Your Excellency's personal qualities (said the address) have won you a host of friends among the people of this country. From the day you set foot on Indian soil you discouraged anything savouring of racial distinction in the relations between Indians and Englishmen. By your unrelenting zeal in breaking down social barriers you have, we feel, rendered a great service to the Empire.

On all sides was praise for the man as well as for the Viceroy. One of the most famous of Governors-General, Lord Dufferin, said that every new Viceroy came to India with head uplifted by the chorus of praise accompanying his appointment. He was fortunate if he left it without taking away his diminished head tucked under his arm, like the legendary Irish saint.

Lord Willingdon leaves India with his head carried higher than when he went there.

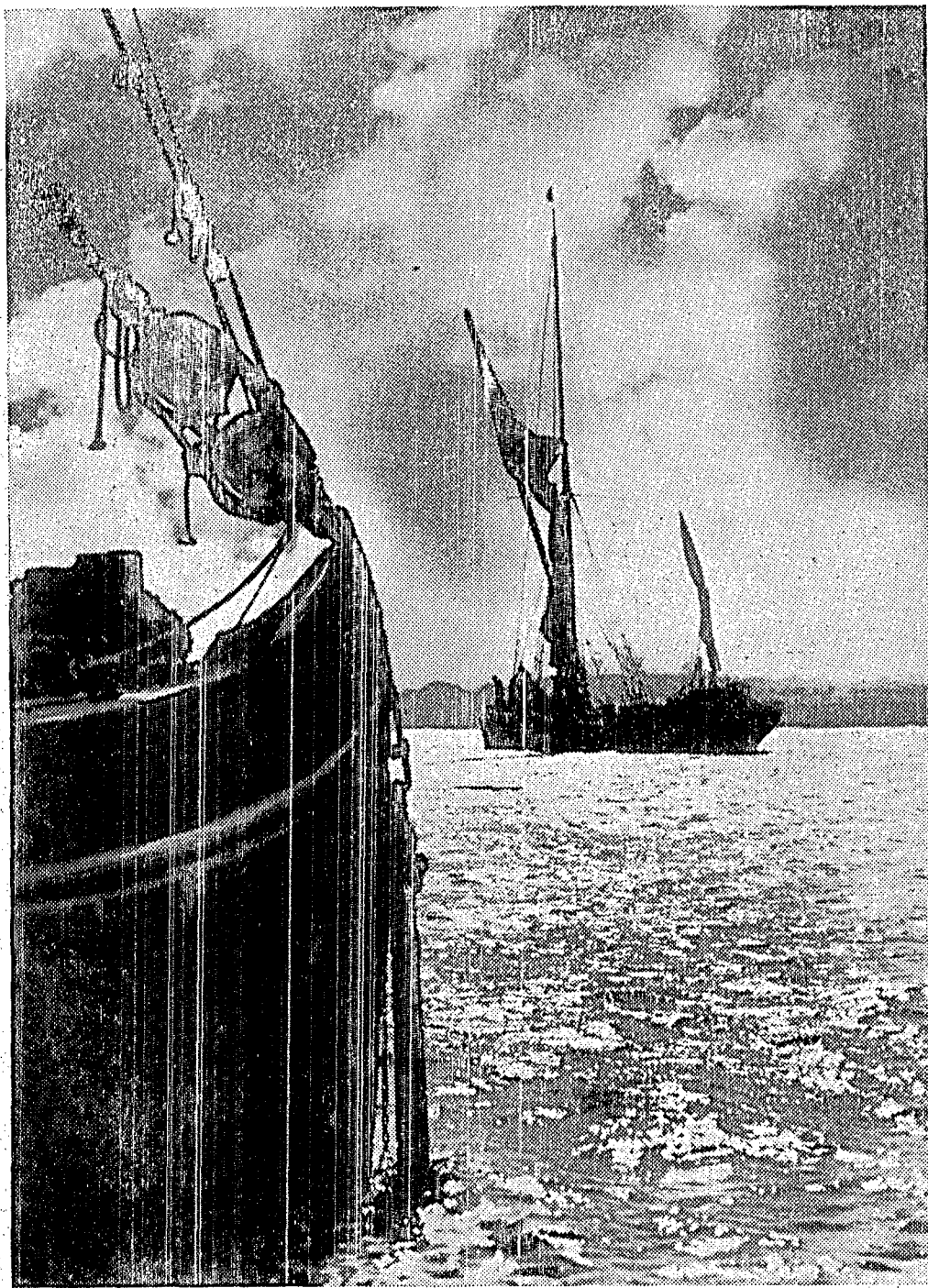
50,000 THIRTY-SHILLING WEAVERS

The Lancashire weavers have taken a census of the earnings of their trade.

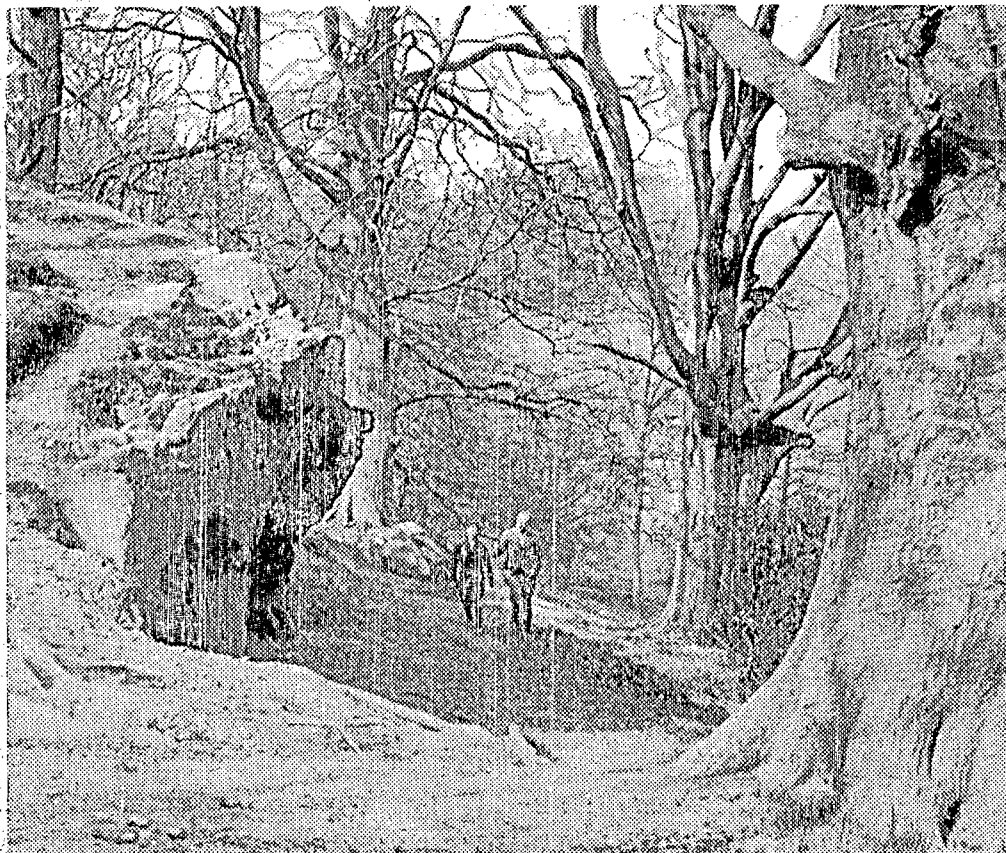
It was found that 50,000 earned 30s a week or less. The total number of weavers is about 120,000, so that the thirty-shilling weaver represents a large proportion of the weaving community.

In too many cases, it is said, the weaver gets less while at work than if he were unemployed and drawing legal benefit. A wage increase of 15 per cent. is being asked for.

An Evening Scene on the Thames



The Caves of Oldbury Hill



LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DISTRICTS

One Good Move For the Unemployed

TRANSFERS FOR THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES

The marked distress of Wales, despite the revival of economic prosperity as a whole, is brought out in the Ministry of Labour's Report for 1935.

The unemployment percentage in Wales was nearly four times as great as in South-east England, and twice as great as in all England. The industrial North also suffered as compared with the South.

The existence of lucky and unlucky districts in the same land makes the question of transferring labour of great importance.

A new scheme of planned transfers of labour was introduced last August. The managers of employment exchanges in the prosperous parts of the country take stock of the position every week and report any occupations in which they expect there would be openings for suitable men from the Distressed Areas if they were on the spot. Arrangements are then made for an appropriate number of men to be sent. While the men are awaiting a job they receive special supplementary allowances from the Unemployment Assistance Board to meet the cost of lodgings and to send money home. The scheme has resulted in the transfer from the Distressed Areas of 1016 men, of whom 821 have found employment.

The new arrangements have enabled the Ministry to take advantage of the general trade improvement for the purpose of transference. The number of workpeople placed in employment in other districts by the exchanges service last year was nearly 20,000, and the number of families assisted to remove was 3718.

FROM GEORGE THE THIRD TO GEORGE THE FIFTH

And the Man Who Liked Oliver Cromwell

We told the other day of an old lady who had just received a grant of money in recognition of her father's capture of a French sloop in George the Third's reign.

Now a reader in the Orange Free State tells us that his mother, Mrs Eliza Stansfeld, lived in the reigns of George the Third and George the Fifth. Born in 1818 and dying in 1914, she knew six British sovereigns.

One of her sons can boast an unusual record too, for he founded the Oxford Medical Mission in Bermondsey, and of his helpers nine today are now bishops and a tenth is an archbishop.

Unusual links with the past are always interesting, but we have never heard of so strange a one as the Spectator has lately recalled of an old lady who in 1884 remarked:

My dear husband's first wife's first husband knew Oliver Cromwell well and liked him much.

Several readers of the Spectator have worked this out and found that it is quite possible, though the marriages must have involved great differences in age.

THE GLITTERING STONE

At the foot of the rainbow there may be a crock of gold, but sometimes fortune turns up nearer home.

Stuart Hurnall, an Australian boy, was ploughing a field near Ararat, Victoria, when he turned up a hard lump glittering in the sunlight. It was a 100-ounce nugget of gold worth £700.

CAVE MAN'S CASTLE

HILLTOP OLDER THAN HISTORY

Benjamin Harrison's Old Plateau at Ightham

HILL OF KNOWLEDGE THE NATION SHOULD BUY

When Caesar was fighting his way through Kent to London there lay all unknown to him on a height between Sevenoaks and Ightham, a fortress and a home of industry which was ancient before Rome had a name.

After thousands of years of safety from invasion it is now in danger of passing out of the unwritten volumes of our history into the ledgers of the builders.

The site is known as Oldbury Hill, a lovely wooded plateau which was a kingdom to our Cave Men ancestors. On it have been found records of every era of human development: of the Iron Age men who fortified the hill



Benjamin Harrison on Oldbury Hill

with earthen ramparts; of Bronze Age men such as those who built Stonehenge and made the little cities in the lakes of Somerset and elsewhere; of the New Stone Age men who fashioned flints into implements whose beauty and fineness remain an abiding marvel; and of their predecessors the Old Stone Age men whose tools, crude but serviceable, long stood to modern science as the first efforts of man to add weapons and engines to the service of his hands.

But at Ightham, two miles from the foot of the hill, lived the wonderful village grocer, Benjamin Harrison, who gave the leisure of a long lifetime to study the secrets of this fortified mound, and wrote a chapter in the story of mankind taking us back to a period in man's story earlier than scientists had ever hoped to penetrate. He it was who first proved that man was at least half a million years old.

Men of the Dawn

Here lived and wrought the men of the dawn of our human race, men as primitive as the Piltdown man, who was so little advanced that he had a brow like a young orang's, with a bar of bone in the lower jaw like that of the apes, a man who could not speak as we speak, but was restricted to signs and language of howls and screeches.

Here on this hill were the tools left by the men of that age, the earliest type of tools and weapons ever discovered, removing at a bound the story of man's mental and physical development perhaps as far back beyond the Ol

BLACK AND GOLD The Population of a Pond

Some little time ago a contributor described how he turned an ugly farm pond into an ornamental pool. He now tells us of the evolution of the pond.

The six little goldfish were originally chased for threepence each as pike bait. Happily they were rescued from their fate and placed in the pond. They were hardly three inches long, and we wondered if they would live. They did live. They must have found plenty of food, for they grew fast. By the end of the summer they were five or six inches long, fat, and beautifully golden. When cold weather came they disappeared. The pond was frozen with two inches thick, yet next spring they were all there.

The following summer was very dry; the pond went down and down until there were barely 18 inches of warm, lumpy water. One fish died; we moved out the remainder and placed them in a large tank and fed them with sardine eggs. In spite of every care only one survived to go back into the pond. The following winter, that of 1934-35, was very mild, and in the spring the two fish were safe and well. They were quite big, weighing half a pound apiece.

Changing Colour

There were also some other fish which puzzled us greatly. These were about four inches long, black as a hat, and had a way of lying very still just under the surface when the sun was warm on the water. The little fish grew, then one day a member of the family came hurrying in much excitement to say that one of the black fish was turning golden.

It was right, and as the weather grew warmer one after another of the black fish changed colour. The under-parts changed first, the back last, and some were still black backs. We counted 51, 10 of them red gold, a few still almost black, and one just the colour of a guinea. They have grown so tame that on warm days they come quite close to the edge of the bread and biscuit crumbs.

We believe it is rather unusual for a fish to breed like this in a small ornamental pond, and are wondering what will happen when there are five hundred head of fifty.

Continued from the previous column

In the Age as we ourselves are removed from it. For long Benjamin Harrison's theories and the value of his discoveries were doubted, but in the end he made them and acceptable to all the marvellous story of the hill, of the ancient man who had occupied it, and the monuments their untaught fingers had brought in a past unthinkable remote. Well we remember his taking us up the hill to show us the caves lying under the brow where these old wonder men lived. Those just beneath the summit were nearly filled up with soil at the time and had become the home of mice. Here in miniature was repeated before our eyes the story of tens of thousands of years ago, when men, hyenas, wolves, and bears lived in the caves, when England was a tropical island, her sons and daughters swarthy children of a climate like Africa's now.

Oldbury Hill should be sacred as the memorial of an era unguessed by the world until the incomparable grocer of Chatham at last revealed it. All the world of learning came to endorse his views in the end, but long he fought alone. The C.N. hopes that in due course the hill will be saved and for ever secured to the public, and the title deeds placed in the National Trust.

We remember the days when old Benjamin Harrison lay dying, for he used to us asking if he might see a copy of a sketch we were writing of the hill, as he might not be in the world long enough to read it. We were unable to give him a proof in time, and we may be allowed to hope that this word for Oldbury Hill may be in time to save it for his memory for us all.

ENEMIES CURLED UP IN A NEST

They Have Been 20,000
Years in England

FACTS ABOUT RABBITS

On a hilltop in Kent the other day three little rabbits were found curled up like thrushes in a nest among the wall-flowers on a bank.

Life is very difficult, for the Editor let them go, and yet he must print this story of our great little enemies.

It seems that nothing short of organised attack can rid our country of the rabbit plague. Perhaps it is natural, for the rabbit has been here longer than history, probably more than 20,000 years.

Favoured by good summers and ineffective repression these astonishing creatures continue to multiply, and it is now estimated that they cost the nation £70,000,000 a year.

As one observer puts it, we build warships to protect seaborne food while we tolerate an enemy always at work who eats our food supplies, undoes cultivation, and befouls wide acres. According to an Australian expert five rabbits eat as much as one sheep.

In addition to consuming food rabbits kill young trees by biting round their stems. It costs much to protect orchards and other plantations with barbed wire and other devices.

Multiplying Millions

The efforts of one farmer or landowner count for little when a neighbour neglects the plague. Colony after colony spreads from place to place. The rabbit breeds when only six months old, and has four or five families in the year! It is easy to calculate that a pair could multiply to 13,000,000 in three years, given food enough and no enemies.

In Australia great districts have been made desert by this weak but indomitable creature, and enormous sums are spent to limit its ravages. In England the gun and the trap are too much relied upon. The best and most humane method of destruction appears to be by injecting hydrocyanic acid gas into their burrows and warrens. A suitable apparatus can be bought for a few pounds, and it seems to us that the Board of Agriculture might organise a gang of rabbit destroyers to do work that must be done systematically if it is to succeed to any purpose.

The most surprising of a rabbit's many accomplishments is that he can and does eat such prickly subjects as gorse and holly; yet he will leave thorn and birch alone!

THE FABLES OF TODAY

Loch Ness Monsters and Others

It is possible to learn, even from a fabled Loch Ness monster that never was on land or sea.

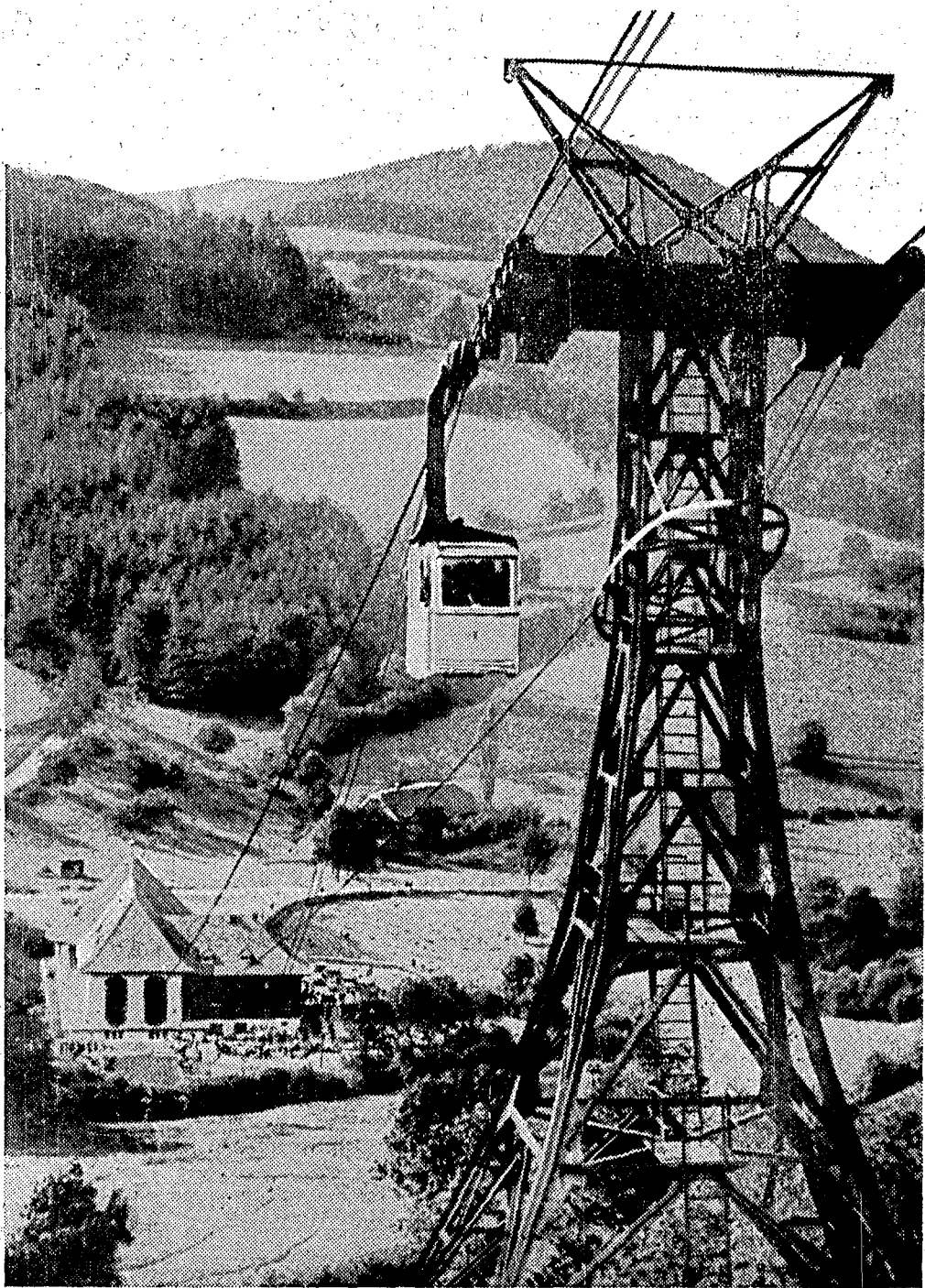
Still people go to Loch Ness and come away with details of the most amusing character; it is nearly as comic as the astrology prophets in the stunt papers.

Three Glasgow students heard the interesting creature make a noise like unto a paddle steamer! It was 34 feet long and decorated with black scales!

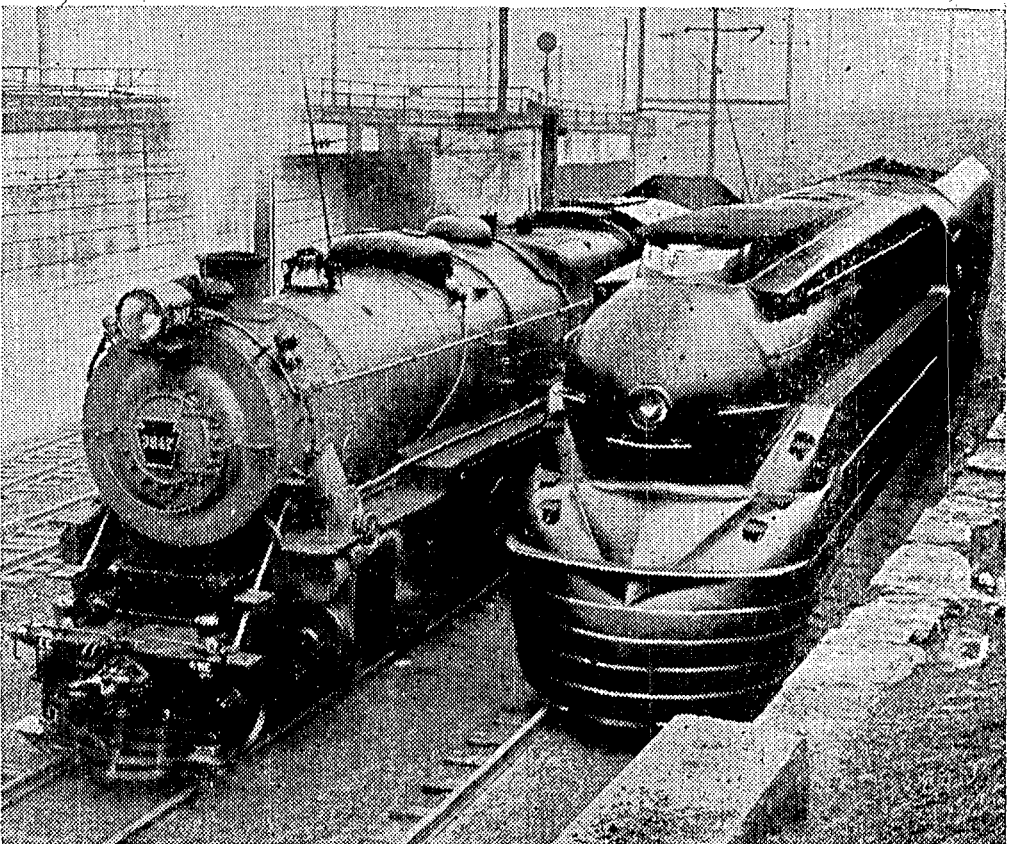
Thus we may rate many tales printed by tens of millions of copies. When it is a Loch Ness monster we can afford to laugh. When it is a tale making for hatred and war we can laugh no longer.

In the Great War two fables obtained a great vogue. One was that a great Russian Army was passing through Great Britain, landing in Scotland and crossing the English Channel. Every other man knew someone who had seen them! The second fable was too horrible for us to recall, but it lived for a long time and half the people believed it.

An Aerial Railway in the Black Forest



Old and New on an American Railway



GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

Nkothla the Oxen-Driver

When the Tyumie River near Alice in Cape Province became suddenly swollen with autumn rains an ox-wagon with its 12 oxen was caught in the flood at Salamanzi ford.

Nkothla, the native driver, faced with this peril, kept his head. He could not get the team across, he could not turn back, but he might save some of them. He cut all loose except the four wheelers. As the released eight were carried downstream in a bunch he went with them, cutting them free from one another as he swam.

The water carried Nkothla and his eight oxen over the weir where the water is diverted for the use of the town, but he stayed with them and saved them. But when a search party found him two hours later he was lying exhausted by the riverside with a broken rib.

He had saved his charge at the peril of his life, for had he not acted as he did the eight oxen would surely have been drowned.

SWALLOWS AND THE COLD SNAP

While Winter, lingering, chilled the lap of Spring in Europe, South Africa's autumn was behaving just as strangely.

Sudden cold swept over the south coast of Cape Province, so benumbing the swallows that thousands sought refuge in the houses. They settled on people's shoulders and clustered like bees in a swarm under verandahs. In an outhouse near Mossel Bay hundreds perched on fishing rods strung across the ceiling. They were tamer than our Trafalgar Square pigeons.

After this wintry burst a heat-wave set in; and in the Transvaal what are called heat blankets killed pigs and oxen and horses drawing a farmer's cart.

THE SCHOOL TALKIE

One of the drawbacks to using home films in teaching is that so far they have been silent ones, many difficulties delaying the satisfactory making of an inexpensive home talkie projector.

One well-known firm has now made a microphone and loudspeaker set for use with educational silent films by which a teacher can talk to his students into the mouthpiece, and the loudspeaker behind the screen will repeat the words greatly amplified, the voice sounding as if it were coming from the screen.

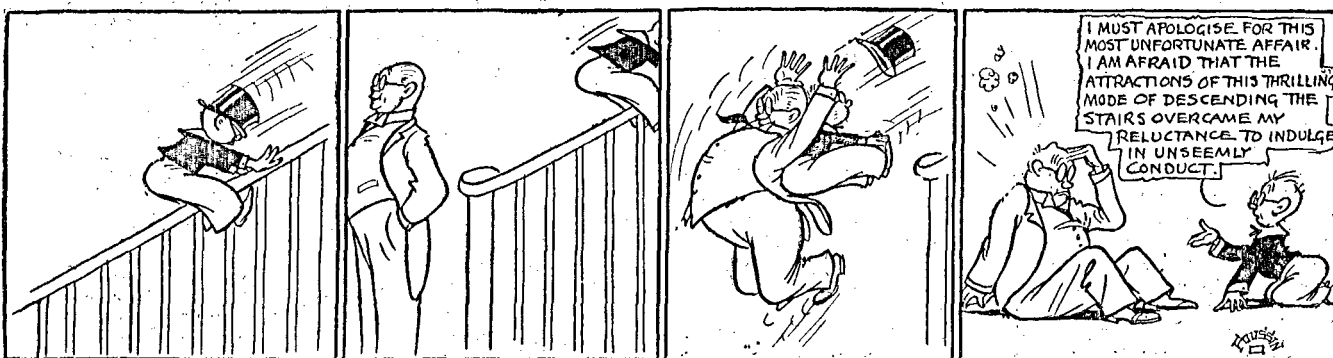
SALT ON THE ROAD

We hear that salt, mixed with or inserted between layers of road material and rolled to a firm surface, is being used with great success for roads in America.

Once the salt has crystallised on the surface the road is said to shed water during rain and does not become slippery or muddy.

In Ithaca a salt road stretches from the city to its new airport, and is proving most successful.

A Few Words From Theophilus



A BOMB WORTH WHILE THE FOUR BEDESMEN OF CANTERBURY

Putting Out a Fire

Following the invention of the bomb Mussolini's armies are dropping on women and children comes the bomb that kills fire.

This has recently been demonstrated in France by its three inventors, Signor Redaelli and Signor Finzi of Italy and Herr Puschner of Austria.

The demonstration was arranged in collaboration with the Strasbourg Fire Brigade, which built some stage-scenery houses and set them alight. They also lighted petrol and rubber. The new bombs killed all these fires, and aroused great enthusiasm.

The principle of the new bombs is like blowing out a candle on a vast scale; the force of the explosion puts out the fire. The chemical substance they contain is quite harmless. It possesses the property of cooling the material it touches, and so prevents the debris from smouldering afterwards.

The effect of these bombs on blazing petrol in the open air was amazing.

TREASURES OF SOUTHERN ENGLAND

It is only a few weeks since the CN was calling attention to the regional guide to the Ancient Monuments of Northern England, and the second book of this series (Southern England) has now been published by the Stationery Office at 1s, written by Mr Ormsby Gore, the Commissioner of Works.

Prehistoric monuments such as Stonehenge, Avebury, and Maiden Castle, Roman fortresses like Portchester and Richborough, and monastic buildings and castles built in medieval and Tudor times are described individually, while admirable brief chapters show the part they played in our island story.

We look forward to the next guide in the series, and are glad to learn that this also will be written by the Commissioner, for he gives the visitor exactly what he needs.

A NEW METAL IN INDUSTRY

Mercury has now a growing rival in gallium, which was unknown little more than fifty years ago.

Mendeleef classed it in the same group as aluminium, which at that time, though not so rare, had no place in the industrial world. Gallium is following in aluminium's footsteps.

After it had been found in workable quantities in the lead residue from zinc distillation the Germans took it in hand, and their chemists have brought it down to a twentieth of its price a few years ago.

It is now a successor to mercury for silvering mirrors, for thermometers, and ultra-violet lamps. Unlike mercury, it is not poisonous, and it may prove much easier to handle.

MISSING

A peace memorial costing £50,000 has been built on a hilltop at Villers-Bretonneux in France in memory of 11,000 Australian soldiers posted as missing during the war.

New Holders of an Ancient Office

By command of the King four new bedesmen have been admitted to serve in Canterbury Cathedral.

The Dean robed them, handed them their white wands of office, and discharged them to their duties in the great cathedral.

The office, still under the direction of the Crown, dates in England from before the Reformation, when poor scholars in receipt of legacies devoted their days to praying for the souls of their benefactors.

Henry the Eighth, his conscience uneasy over his wreck of the monasteries and pillage of the churches, brought bedesmen officially into association with the cathedrals, their duty being to pray for him; and the office has continued, with duties modified, as a relic of those terrible but picturesque days.

In Scotland the bedesmen were king's pensioners, one being appointed for each year of his reign, and each one of them had a penny for each such year, with the addition of a blue gown, a purse, and a licence to beg from end to end of the land.

Those bedesmen were the last of the famous Scottish minstrels, whose poems live for ever in the works of Burns and Scott. They were the gossips, the newspapers, and the wireless of their age, carrying tidings from parish to parish and county to county.

THE HERON'S COURTSHIP

*In the springtime, the only pretty ringtime,
When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

One of London's wild herons has set up housekeeping with a tame mate at the Zoo.

In the great gull's aviary a female heron has languished through the winter without a sweetheart. A roving heron from the herony of Isleworth or Richmond, sailing over London, espied the town bird in her solitude. Day after day he soared over the aviary during the winter, and when spring came took his courage in both wings and perched on the wire roof to court her.

He courted her with offerings of fish, caught perhaps in the Penn Ponds or the lake of Battersea Park (which a heron frequents in early morning), and at last he caught her fancy. After the fish he began to bring sticks and twigs, as a suggestion that they might make a home together, if it were not for the wires separating them.

A sympathetic curator who had noticed these demonstrations of affection decided to smooth the course of true love and opened the aviary door. The town and country heron embraced the opportunity and one another, and now a pile of sticks grows on the roof of the aviary, a pledge of married happiness to come.

On Descending the Stairs

WHEN GERMANY OWNED COLONIES The Use She Made of Them

20,000 WHITE MEN IN A MILLION SQUARE MILES

Step by step Germany is seeking to recover the position she held in the world before she challenged it so disastrously in 1914.

Her demand for the return of her old colonies is likely to become a serious problem, and many a pre-war atlas is being opened to find out exactly where these colonies were. To many Germans the bitterness of their loss was softened by the fact that they were handed over to trustees under Mandates, instead of being regarded as national spoils of victory in the bad old way.

German South-West Africa

Today, as before the war, it is claimed that colonies are necessary as an outlet for a rapidly increasing home population. Let us see how Germany availed herself of the million square miles she then had under her flag overseas. Her total muster in 1914 was 20,000 civilians and 4500 soldiers, over half being in German South-West Africa.

The diamond mines had attracted settlers to that colony, and in 1913 its exports and imports balanced, though the home country subsidised with £700,000 nearly half the expenditure. Germany gained a very bad name for herself there early this century by her ruthless campaign against the Herero tribes. Two out of three Hereros are said to have perished, but today this Bantu race of herdsmen is increasing in numbers under the rule of the Union of South Africa.

German East Africa

German East Africa, now Tanganyika under British Mandate (except for a small area assigned to Belgian authority), was the biggest colony. Its area was 384,000 square miles and the native population about 7,500,000. The white population, however, was 5300, of whom 3500 were German. When war broke out it was being rapidly developed. The League abolished slavery here in 1922, and today the country exports more than it imports.

In 1884 Germany had annexed the Cameroons, with a coastline of 200 miles on the Atlantic and with Nigeria and French Congo as frontiers. After 30 years only 1400 Europeans had gone there, to engage in a flourishing trade in ivory, palm-oil, rubber, and timber. One-fourth of its expenditure was being met by a subsidy from Berlin.

Togoland, 33,600 square miles, was the smallest of Germany's African possessions and the only one without State aid. After 30 years it had very few white men, 363 directing a trade based on the production of 1,500,000 natives.

Germany in the Pacific

Germany's other possessions lay in the Pacific, the biggest being 70,000 square miles of New Guinea. There the European population in 1914 was only 720, but today there are 3000 British and 400 Germans. Next in area was the Bismarck Archipelago with only 470 Europeans, or four for each region the size of Middlesex. The Samoan, Caroline, and Marshall Islands had very few German settlers.

These surprising figures prove conclusively that the German people were not settling abroad under her national flag, and it is doubtful if the return of these colonies would in any way help to relieve congestion at home.

Germans, however, were settling in vast numbers in other parts of the world in the years before the war, as were other Europeans; 28,000 Germans went to America in 1914, and many Germans settled in Australia. See World Map

THE CELESTIAL SCALES

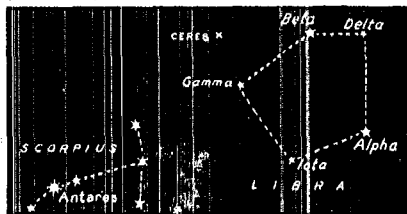
History of an Ancient Constellation

A STAR'S PERIODICAL ECLIPSE

By the O.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Libra (the Scales or Balance) is of particular interest just now because the little world of Ceres is passing through it and may be observed during the last three weeks of May, when the Moon will not be near.

The present position of this planetoid, or asteroid, is indicated on our star-map. During the month it will appear to travel toward the star Beta in Libra and then pass to the southward; though after this month the absence of a sufficiently dark sky, together with the increasing



Present position of Ceres relative to Libra

distance of Ceres, will make it difficult to observe without a telescope. In the coming weeks, however, Ceres will be but little below seventh magnitude, and so may be easily seen with field-glasses. Next week this little world will be further dealt with.

Nearly 2000 years ago Libra represented Julius Caesar, and at a still earlier period the Claws of the grand constellation of Scorpius, the Scorpion. It possesses only two moderately bright stars, Alpha and Beta, both of third magnitude and still known by their Arabic names, Alpha as Zuben el Genubi (the Southern Claw) and Beta as Zuben el Chamali (the Northern Claw).

Libra appears to have been a sort of Balance that to the ancient Egyptians measured the Nile's rise; it was also a Balance to the Hindus and Chinese. Julius Caesar was introduced by the Romans as holding the Scales or Balance, probably because of his influence in having the errors of the Calendar balanced or adjusted by what is known as the Julian Calendar. Now the month of July alone remains to the memory of Julius Caesar.

The position of Alpha and Beta relative to the leading bright stars of Scorpius is indicated on the star-map, which covers a large area of the south-east sky down to the horizon between eleven o'clock and midnight. These stars may be seen a long way to the south-east of Arcturus.

A Great Helium Sun

Alpha is composed of two stars, one of third and the other sixth magnitude. Beta is a great helium sun radiating nearly a thousand times more heat and light than ours. It shines with a singular greenish hue and at a distance of about 360 light-years, 22,784,000 times farther than our Sun. The fainter Gamma is a sun similar to, but much larger than, ours, and found spectroscopically to be at a distance of about 163 light-years.

Of the greatest interest is the faint star Delta. This possesses a great and relatively dark world that revolves round it in 2 days 7 hours and 51 minutes at an average distance away of about 1,600,000 miles, travelling at some 48 miles a second. As this body periodically passes in front of the bright central sun it partially eclipses it, and so the star's brilliance is reduced from 4.8 to 6.2 magnitude, thus becoming invisible to the naked eye. G. F. M.

How Andrew Carnegie Lost His Millions

At their meeting the other week the Carnegie Trustees outlined their programme in this country for the next five years, setting aside half their income for land settlement, musical societies, youth services, and adult education.

Discussing how to spend the rest of the income Lord Elgin, the chairman, asked whether a grant might not act as a spearhead in the attack on that vicious circle which is impoverishing both producer and consumer. Fertile acres were going out of cultivation while millions of people failed to secure adequate food. Here was a problem of vast proportions, but with tremendous possibilities.

We feel confident that an attempt to solve it would be in keeping with the ideas of Andrew Carnegie.

We remember a certain day when we stood as one of a little group of perhaps not twenty people in the lobby of Parliament seeing the Prime Minister of the day unveil the statue of Mr Gladstone. In the group was a rather odd-looking little man who was keenly interested, and whose name has been before the world as widely as Gladstone's ever since, for he was Andrew Carnegie.

How the Millions Were Given Away

Born in a humble weaver's cottage in Dunfermline Andrew Carnegie, at 13, emigrated to Pittsburgh, where he worked in a cotton factory and as a telegraph operator. After serving in the Civil War as a superintendent of telegraphs and railways he established iron and steel works which became so prosperous that when he retired, the first year of this century, he received as his share of the profits a sum equal to £100,000,000.

Returning to his native land he proceeded to distribute his wealth for the benefit of his fellow-men. During his life Mr Carnegie made public gifts and endowments amounting to £70,000,000, and when he died (in 1919) he left what must have seemed to him a beggarly £5,000,000, most of which went to swell the totals of the charities he had already founded, such as:

Scottish Universities	£2,000,000
United Kingdom Trust	£2,000,000
Dunfermline Trust	£750,000
Hero Fund Commission	£2,100,000
British Hero Fund Trust	£250,000
Hero Fund for France	£200,000
Palace of Peace at The Hague ..	£500,000
Carnegie Peace Endowment ..	£2,000,000
Libraries	£12,000,000

Where Does Alexander Lie?

As soon as he can find the money Mr Howard Carter, famous for his part in revealing the treasures of the tomb of Tutankhamen, is to seek the tomb of Alexander.

Alexander died 22 centuries ago in Babylon, master of all the known world. Ten years ago Sir Aurel Stein discovered the places on the north-west frontier of India at which he had set up his standard before his veterans, weary of war and wandering and fearful of new adventures in unknown plains, insisted on turning back. But exactly where Alexander lies no man has known since the Romans first settled in Britain.

The great conqueror himself had an experience of the changes and uncertainties of human affairs. While striding to conquest through Persia he came upon the tomb of the greatest of his predecessors, Cyrus the Great, guardian and liberator of the Israelites from captivity, whom Isaiah celebrates as a shepherd of the Lord. On coming to the tomb one

The Carnegie Corporation of New York was founded in 1911 and has spent an average sum of £1,000,000 a year on colleges and universities in America and the British Dominions, on technical schools, libraries, scientific research, and so on. It has also supplemented the work of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh with buildings which cost £1,600,000 and form the biggest science foundation in the world.

The first great Trust which Carnegie established in these islands was for the Scottish Universities. The £2,000,000 which he provided is now worth nearly twice that sum, and half the income is used for paying the fees of poor students and half for the improvement of the universities.

The Dunfermline Trust

The United Kingdom Trust not only carries on its founder's public grants to libraries, developing the great County Library movement, but has made grants to Music, Drama, and Art Leagues, for National Playing Fields, and for Rural Development. The annual income of the Trust is about £125,000.

The purpose of the Dunfermline Trust was to bring sweetness and light into the lives of the people of his native town. Its capital value has grown and it has started and supports libraries, clinics, baths, women's institutes, parks, and other happy things.

The British Hero Fund, with an income of about £22,000, pays annuities to those who have been injured or to the dependents of those who have perished in saving human lives in peaceful pursuits.

The Promotion of World Peace

No man has made more generous contributions toward the promotion of world peace than Andrew Carnegie. In 1903 he gave £500,000 to build the Palace of Peace at The Hague, and in 1910 he established a fund of £2,000,000 to promote international peace by encouraging the study of economics, history, and international law, by subsidising peace societies, and by promoting intercourse between the students of various nations.

Peace was his intense desire, his constant aim, and for it he worked ceaselessly till the day of his death. He was fond of saying that the man who died rich died disgraced, and, though he left a few millions, he left it to be given away, for he, the richest man of his day, had no love of money for its own sake, but loved the great things that money can help to realise and support.

TWO WAYS WITH SAVAGES

HELPING THE PEOPLE OF PAPUA

A White Man Among the Cannibals and Pygmies

PARABLES FOR DICTATORS

In one of the loneliest valleys in the world, lying between the flower-scattered slopes of Papuan mountains, some cannibals ambushed men from another village, killed eleven of them, and made off shouting, "We have just killed some pigs!"

Then they went home, feasted, sang, put on their cassowary plumes, took their black spears, and danced till they were tired. They felt they were fine fellows.

They barricaded their village, for of course they expected the relatives of the murdered men to pay back.

But instead of seeking revenge the mourners made a five-days journey to complain to the Government. Government in this case was represented by one white officer and 18 native policemen, whose job was to control 20,000 natives.

Captured By Stealth

The white man, Patrol Officer Hides, decided that he must arrest the murderers. He could only take eight policemen, and as the savages knew nothing of the Government it was no good hoping that prestige would enable them to overcome a village of armed cannibals. The chief must be captured by stealth. And so he was, the police making their way silently into the barricaded village at night. They took the captive 200 miles over mountains and rivers to Port Moresby.

"What would you?" he asked. "I am good man. I have never stolen another's something."

They tried to explain to him that it was wrong to kill, but the old chief could not believe that. To kill was brave and manly. How else could a man keep his self-respect?

The Chief's Promise

At Port Moresby the chief was tried by Mr Justice Gore, who told him again that it was wrong to kill, and the chief promised he would kill no more. He went home to his village, and one job was done.

In his new book (Through Wildest Papua) Mr Hides tells of another patrol. This time the task set him was to make friends with a fierce race of Pygmies. The little men resisted every advance. On and on pushed the patrol, constantly threatened by angry bowmen. A carrier would be eating his evening meal, and everything would seem peaceful, when suddenly a shower of arrows would fall upon the camp and the carrier would topple over.

As no food could be got from the Pygmies, and their own supplies were exhausted, the patrol were being slowly starved. They chewed the bitter fern tops, and grew weaker and weaker.

The White Man's Sympathy

At length they tottered home, weak and ill. They had made a long and dangerous journey, apparently in vain. But not quite in vain, perhaps. The Pygmies would remember a white man who went through their country without harming them, and in the long run this may pave the way for civilisation better than an air raid or a gas attack.

The most striking thing about Mr Hides's story is not its courage but the sympathy shown by the white men to the cannibals they try to govern. "We must give them some substitute for the excitement of head-hunting and war," say the white magistrates; and that is surely the problem of the European Dictators. Who can solve it and give the world peace?

WAR AND TRADE

Fear Causing Great Changes

THE STARVATION WEAPON

Now that it is realised that war is becoming a matter in which entire populations are attacked the nations are increasingly seeking self-sufficiency.

It is felt that every existing need to import an article of common necessity is a war danger. The German submarine blockade in the war was an attempt to starve Great Britain into surrender. So with the sanctions against Italy, which seek to prevent Italy from buying imports by shutting out all her exports or means to buy.

Germany was successfully blockaded in the war because Britain and her Allies held the seas and because we cut down the supplies imported by the neutral countries who did their best to break the blockade by feeding Germany with food and materials.

Germany feels that she cannot face such a blockade again, and therefore seeks by every possible means to cut down imports and produce for herself all that she needs. It is an impossible task, but every article in respect of which she can achieve independence makes her safer.

Our Dependence on Oversea Food

In our own case the seriousness of the war position cannot be exaggerated. Four-fifths of our bread and half our meat come from over the seas, and we could be starved by an enemy who got the better of our fighting and merchant ships. In any future war we should have to contend with surface warships, submarines, and swarms of aeroplanes. Hence the new movement to foster agriculture; but apart from food our dependence on sea-borne materials is very great.

Both Germany and Italy are greatly increasing their sugar acreage. The Italian beet crop is being increased by 25 per cent this year.

Necessity, we all know, is the mother of invention, and the new necessity to be independent of imports of essential commodities is causing great changes. Those changes, in turn, will affect the currents of trade and diminish the call for merchant shipping.

THIS KIND WORLD

A correspondent sends us this little true story of a conspiracy of kindness he came across the other day.

An old clergyman, who all his life had been poorly paid, lately fell seriously ill, and when he was convalescent was obliged to undertake a railway journey.

He bought third-class return tickets for himself and his wife. When he passed the ticket barrier he was met by a station official who took him to the high platform in the lift, thus saving him from having to climb the steps. When the train came in the official, in spite of the clergyman's protest, ushered them into an empty first-class compartment, and a few minutes later the ticket examiner came along the corridor and, inspecting the tickets of these two passengers, wrote out two first-class returns in exchange for the thirds.

It seems that an unknown friend had paid the difference, and the railway officials entered into the little conspiracy of kindness.

THE CHARITY OF WINDSOR CASTLE

Visitors to Windsor Castle last year will be glad to know that their small admission fees totalled £2470, and that this has been distributed among local charities. King Edward the Seventh Hospital received £1100, Princess Christian's Maternity Home £265, the Mayor's Poor Box £200, and several institutions for women and children have been generously helped.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

- May 3. Jamaica discovered by Columbus . . . 1494
- 4. T. H. Huxley born at Ealing . . . 1825
- 5. Napoleon died at St Helena . . . 1821
- 6. Epping Forest opened to the public . . . 1882
- 7. Robert Browning born in London . . . 1812
- 8. Lavoisier, the scientist, guillotined in Paris 1794
- 9. Schiller died at Weimar in Germany . . . 1805

A Great English Poet

In the second half of the nineteenth century two poets stood forth clear from the rest. Tennyson and Browning were then many-coloured stars in the firmament of literature.

But it was long before Robert Browning's greatness was admitted, for he began by writing in a style difficult to understand. Even now, when we have had time to study his meaning, he is often puzzling; but when he is clear his writing has great power and beauty.

His marriage was a romance. He carried off the finest English woman poet, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who had been kept secluded by an unwise father, and they lived mostly in Italy in great happiness for 15 years before she died.

Browning was old when he died, and greatly honoured by his countrymen, the more so as his spirit was bold and hopeful in expectation of the world growing better in the future.



Browning and his wife with their boy Robert on the Grand Canal at Venice

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. for May 1911

Something No Man Has Seen Before. A few years ago some students were experimenting with bacteria which they wished to photograph. They found that by sending a powerful light upward to a reflector, and then allowing it to fall on the object, they could get fine magnified photographs of things it was impossible to photograph in the usual way. They applied the process to the microscope, and the result was that Professor Lankester was able to show his audience photographs of all sorts of bacteria actually living and working in the blood of human beings and of animals. Each microbe was magnified to 50,000 times its ordinary size, so that its form and actions were as clearly seen as if it were quite a large animal.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

ADVENTURE OF A LITTLE LIFEBOAT

To Cross the Atlantic?

In 1919 the Gaskin lifeboat was patented, but although it is a wonder craft which has performed all its promises the Board of Trade still withholds the A 1 certificate because the vessel differs from their regulations.

Mr Gaskin, the inventor, died six years ago, and now his son is intending to take the boat across the Atlantic to prove its seaworthiness. Starting in July, he fully expects to go from Ilfracombe to New York in sixteen days.

The boat, 45 feet long, of 10 feet beam, and 6 feet in depth, will carry two oil engines of 38 h.p. each, for which she will take 1500 gallons of oil.

Shipowners are interested and firms have offered enough provisions and oil to last three weeks.

It is a great adventure in the true British spirit, carefully thought out with a definite object in view.

We wish Mr Gaskin and his crew of three every success.

NEW HOPE FOR CHARING CROSS?

Mr Hore-Belisha Thinking

We may hope for something now that Mr Hore-Belisha is considering Charing Cross Bridge, of which we may say that the longer we consider it the worse it looks.

Our Minister of Transport is looking into the matter, Whitechapel Art Gallery is exhibiting a dozen schemes, and it has been suggested that the Minister should consider whether a tunnel under the Thames on the lines of the £8,000,000 Mersey Tunnel would not be better than a bridge.

Why not both? If the tunnel did not rid us of the hideous structure now disfiguring the Thames at Charing Cross half its value would be lost.

Mr Hore-Belisha may now consider two projects instead of one—a Charing Cross-bridge for every sort of traffic, or a light bridge for light vehicles and a tunnel for heavy ones.

HOMES WITHOUT BIBLES

At an Oxford Evangelical Conference the Rev T. G. Mohan asserted that less than one in ten of the people of London attend church.

In the provinces the proportion is only one in four.

He has found that in an Oxford Sunday School three out of four children had no Bible in their homes.

Vast areas of our land, he said, were lapsing into heathenism. Although our young people are better educated than their forefathers, they know little of the New Testament, and "there is little hope that their children will know even as much as they do."

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Next Tuesday Mr Boswell will describe some famous instances of diplomacy. The broadcast will include a discussion between three of Cardinal Wolsey's bodyguard who are returning from France, having been present with their master at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The Regional geography talk on Thursday will take listeners to the equatorial forests of Malaya, and particular attention will be paid to the growth of the rubber industry.

On Friday Mr Allan Monkhouse will talk about the Donets coalfield, and will give listeners his impressions of this remarkable part of Russia as seen from the air.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 How Bushes and Trees Grow: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Music Course 1: Junior Concert Lesson.

TUESDAY, 11.30 Diplomacy: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 A Curious Plant—the Wild Arum: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Book talk by Howard Marshall—Autobiography of a Super-Tramp, by W. H. Davies.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Peasant's Revolt: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 The Human Heart: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Malaya: by Ernest Young. 2.5 York: by Frank Whitaker. 2.30 World History—Lincoln and the Slaves, a Dramatic Interlude: by Naomi Mitchison.

FRIDAY, 2.5 The Donets Coalfield: by Allan Monkhouse. 2.30 Music Course 2—Senior Concert Lesson. 3.35 Foreign Affairs: by Vernon Bartlett.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 The Empire Overseas—The Bantu at Home: by D. C. D. Munro.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scottish Minstrelsy—Border Warfare and Plunder: by A. C. MacKenzie.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Makers of Scotland—The New Industries: by Henry Hamilton. 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 The Scottish Countryside—The Burn in its Valley: by A. G. Ogilvie. 2.30 As National.

FRIDAY, 3.10 The Hedge-Sparrow: by G. W. MacAllister. 3.35 As National.

A FLAT DANGER

Too Small To Be Ill In

Dr E. K. Le Fleming, Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association, declares that our physical efficiency is still on the down grade, a severe verdict when we remember how many men were rejected by the Army as unfit for the war.

He says also, speaking particularly of London, that the new flats will cause a further decline in health, for

The high ground rents and the small rooms of modern flats and houses mean restricted air space in a city where good air is none too abundant. This will lead to an increase in the minor respiratory diseases. It will become impossible for people to be ill at home. Some of the modern flats are so small that to treat anyone seriously ill in them is an impossibility.

Dr Le Fleming had a further thing to say to the Industrial Psychology Conference: "No one has the right to allow his body to degenerate into a shapeless mass, whatever his age."

THE COSMOSARIUM

Seeing the Earth From 20,000 Miles Away in Space

NEW WONDER FOR CHICAGO

The new World's Fair at Chicago is to have a Cosmosarium, and it is to cost £400,000.

In Germany and America there are planetariums, which show the movements of the stars and planets, and at Boston in America there is a mapparium, a colossal glass globe of the world which visitors may enter and see the continents all around them.

Chicago's cosmosarium will enable visitors to view the Earth in its proper place in the universe as our planet would be seen from 20,000 miles out in space. The structure will consist of an enormous globe, with another globe a little smaller inside.

The space between these two great globes will contain lifts and escalators to carry people to various vantage points from which the interior of the second globe may be seen. Suspended as in space in the centre will be a globe of the Earth, built to the scale of 32 miles to an inch, revolving on its own axis. On the inside wall of the second globe planets and stars will shine in their correct positions, these and the luminous Earth being the only light in the surrounding darkness.

The picture of the model on page 3 shows what the cosmosarium will be like; and we can get an idea of its enormous size from the fact that in the base will be exhibition halls, lounges, and restaurants.

OUR TINIEST HARBOUR

Sark, one of the smaller of the Channel Islands, is about to lose its distinction of having the smallest harbour in the British Isles. This harbour is so diminutive that at low tide the small steamer from Guernsey has to anchor a short way out while passengers come and go to Le Creux Harbour in rowing boats.

This makes the voyage to Sark, however, an adventure whose pleasure and expectation are not disappointed by the scenery, for the island is the most romantic of places, with more mystery to the square yard than any of its companion isles.

The high gaunt ledge of cliff, the Coupée, which divides the islet into two parts, serves as a platform for one of the scenes in a story by Victor Hugo.

The new harbour in Maseline Bay is to be large and commodious, and able to take any ordinary excursion steamer.

STAR-CONNING IN CEYLON

A club for the study of astronomy has been founded in Ceylon by Dr Leonard Arndt, an enthusiastic reader of the C N from the beginning.

Dr Arndt has sent us the club magazine, The Star Conner, which contains a diary giving the most interesting thing to look for in the sky every night. Some interesting facts are given about Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, and about the way it can be used as a timepiece.

The C N sends its greetings to the Star Conners and wishes for them many cloudless days and cloudless nights.

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1,962,136 people visited the London Zoo last year.

2,171,263 motor-car licences have been issued.

16,130,000 first-class passenger journeys were made on the Southern Railway last year.

£32,000 is now in the trust fund for the Dionne quintuplets.

£49,676,000 was the value of New Zealand's exports last year.

£163,500,000 was paid in rates last year in England and Wales.

THE SHEPHERD'S MASTERPIECE

A New Koran After 1300 Years

The Egyptian Council of Ministers, acting on the authority of the head of the Moslem Church, has decided to have the Koran officially translated into foreign languages.

It is something of a coincidence for this to be decided just as we in England are celebrating the 200th anniversary of the death of George Sale, who gave us in English the finest translation in any language of this famous work.

Mohammed, the shepherd son of a poor but illustrious family of Mecca, composed the Koran nearly 1300 years ago, with a view, as he said, to establishing the oneness of God, maintaining that there had never been but one religion and never could be more.

How the Book Was Written

As he received his inspiration Mohammed dictated the words to various followers, who wrote them down on leaves of palm, on tanned skins, and on shoulder-blades of mutton, all these being tossed higgledy-piggledy into a chest. The immediate disciples learned the Koran by heart; converts, of whom the first 40 were chiefly slaves, learned from them by word of mouth.

Mohammed died in 632, and the Last Day did not come as he had predicted. Instead there were great wars between the nation he had created and their rival religionists; and it was feared the Koran would be forgotten.

So the old chest was opened and its contents were copied out, not in order, but just as the chapters came, with the result that the 114 chapters of the book are all jumbled, the real beginning occurring in the 96th chapter as the pages have ever since read. Nevertheless, next to the Bible the Koran has had greater influence in the world than any other book.

After Thirteen Centuries

Mohammed attempted conversion by the sword, and so began the wars which delivered the Holy Land to the Saracens, brought them into Europe as conquerors of Spain, and led them to the very walls of Vienna.

After 13 centuries the Koran is still Bible and law, the highest word of authority to over 200 million people who believe it to be the Word of God.

The story of its translation into English is a fitting sequel to the strangeness of its composition. George Sale was a London lawyer who became a great Oriental scholar, and, having provided the Syrian Christians with a masterly Arabic translation of the New Testament, gave England an equally masterly translation of the Koran. He left us a masterpiece unequalled in any language but the original.

THE RUBBISHY CORNER

Whose Business Is It?

Is it not time that it was made somebody's business to deal with rubbishy corners that are left by the wayside?

A correspondent who has been motoring on the Folkestone road has called our attention to two little places that have been burned out in the last few years and have been allowed to remain with all their blackened ruins beside the main road to London. One of the ruins has at last been removed, but the other remains at the cross-roads facing a peace memorial.

As our county councils have power to tidy up neglected fields, could they not also tidy up rubbishy places? It is obviously unjust to those who keep their property neat and tidy to have to look on scenes like these from their windows day by day.

A HUNTER OF RARE RHODODENDRONS

Explorer's Adventures

Captain Kingdon Ward is one of those daring hunters whose big game is the rare plant.

He has just returned from Southern Tibet bringing back a thousand rare flowers and ferns for the Natural History Museum; and some of the risks he ran in gathering them were as great as any run by the man who goes out to shoot elephants or tigers.

After crossing the Tibetan frontier from Assam into unknown country he explored a new range of snow peaks, where the headwaters of the Tsangpo River rise. Here he crossed a precipitous pass with a hard snow face sloping like the gable of a house. He looked at it wishing for a mountaineer's rope, but the Tibetans made light of it. They paced diagonally across it, though a slip meant certain death, and a woman of the party carried a baby in a basket on her back.

Wonderful Primitive Handiwork

More alarming was a sloping track across the smooth granite face of a gorge falling sheer to a river. Six round holes ground into the rock were the only help, and how they had come there the Englishman could not imagine.

This was tackled, but there was worse to come when the party reached the depths of the gorge, toward evening, with the rapids thundering below and a cliff thousands of feet high towering above so that the sky could scarce be seen.

A hidden path zigzagged up a cleft in the rock behind a screen of bamboo, and led to a dizzy gallery of timber built round the face of a buttress. This marvel of the ingenuity of primitive workmen continued for 300 feet, tacked on to a bare vertical cliff.

Captain Kingdon Ward thought this example of man's handiwork more remarkable even than the lovely rare rhododendrons which he brought back from his dangerous journey.

NOW YOU ARE TEN

The L C C School Book

The ten-year-olds in the elementary schools of London have all had a gift book from the Education Officer of the L C C, Mr E. M. Rich; and a rich little book it is, for it is the very thing for London's children. It is called Now You Are Ten, and there are two editions, one for boys and one for girls.

Each book has a frontispiece showing a child looking along a road on which milestones represent his next birthdays. The road divides into three, which run to buildings labelled Secondary School, Central School, and Senior School, while roads lead from these to Technical School, College, and University.

The story Mr Rich has to tell is the story of how each reader can choose the road he would travel and of the attractions in the buildings at the ends of the roads. There are pictures of a comfortable school library, of handicraft classes, and of outdoor pursuits. Each type of school is described, and it is wisely pointed out that each kind is as important as every other. Through these schools, writes Mr Rich, the County Council wants to open up to every boy and girl in London the best possible chance of a happy and useful life. What they make of these chances depends on the way the boys and girls respond to the efforts their teachers are making on their behalf.

Looking Ahead is the title of a chapter the children are asked to show to their parents. It will help them to realise the work of the London education service and enable them to make plans for the future welfare of their children, who, we are sure, will be heartened by what they read in this admirable little book.

800 MILLIONS

THE FACTS OF THE BUDGET

Higher Tax For the Rich and a Small Burden on the Poor

FAMILY MEN RELIEVED

The Budget for 1936 provides for a national spending of only two millions short of £800,000,000.

This sum, amounting to about a fifth of the aggregate incomes of all classes, is to be raised by increasing the Income Tax (which hits the well-to-do), raising the Tea Duty (which hits the poor), and taking over five millions from the Road Fund (the special fund raised by taxing motorists).

The chief items of the expenditure of £798,000,000 are:

National Debt	£235,000,000
Army, Navy, and Air Force	£158,000,000
New Defence Programme	£20,000,000
Civil Services	£385,000,000

Total .. £798,000,000

Past wars and fear of future war account for the greater part of the whole.

Of the aggregate of 798 millions, 458 millions are War or Fear-of-War costs, counting pensions.

The new Defence Programme will cost hundreds of millions, to be largely raised by a Defence Loan. The first instalment of 20 millions is met out of taxation.

Let us see how the national purse will be replenished to meet these great bills. The chief items are, in round figures only:

Income Tax	£315,000,000
Death and Other Duties	£117,000,000
Customs and Motor Duties	£322,000,000
Post Office Profit	£11,000,000
Miscellaneous	£31,000,000

The mainstay of the Budget is its taxes on Incomes, Estates, Business agreements, and so on. The Customs and Excise Duties, between them, tax a large part of the articles of common use.

Twopence On Tea

The Income Tax standard rate is raised by 3d to 4s 9d in the £, to yield an extra 12 millions this year, but the standard rate is watered down for small incomes, especially for family men. The married man's allowance (income not taxed) is raised by £10 to £180; while the allowance for each child is raised by £10 to £60.

It follows that the majority of married men will gain. Out of 1,400,000 such people 1,100,000 will pay less than before.

The Chancellor is to bring new measures to bear on tax-dodgers, which is only right.

The Tea Duty is raised by 2d a pound, and this is done, the Chancellor says, to cause all classes to contribute to the big bill. It is fair to say that by far the greater part of the increase is borne by the well-to-do.

All Depends On Peace

In framing his estimates of the yield of taxes the Chancellor has been more sanguine than in recent years, and we think with justification. All depends, however, on peace in Europe. War would reduce the figures to nonsense.

The Chancellor promises a special Act of Parliament to assist the Distressed Areas by setting up a company, with a small capital of £1,000,000, to make advances for the establishment of small businesses in them. This is an anti-climax. So much on War; so little on Peace! The Distressed Areas need an enormous amount of capital, and the promised bill is a mere gesture.

LEAVE-TAKING

Mr W. G. Firkins, head officekeeper to the Office of Works, on being presented with a suite of furniture and a wireless set, said goodbye to 100 charwomen, 44 messengers, and 20 cleaners who worked for him.

THE SLEUTH DETECTOR

A Wireless Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 17

Noel Opens His Heart

INSIDE the caravan all three of them were inspecting the damaged writing desk, which told its own story.

Leaving his companion to attend to the horse, Stein, obviously furnished with a key that would fit the caravan, must have darted inside to search for any possible letters to Noel from his uncle. Flashing his torch, he had spotted the locker, had opened it, when the sight of the writing desk made him think that he'd won, the more especially when he found it locked.

Muttering in triumph, no doubt, he had wrenched the desk open, grabbed its contents, and made off with them for later inspection.

"And I did take a look round the caravan!" Toby complained. "But I never dreamed of squinting in your locker, Meg!"

"Naturally! You wouldn't know there was anything in it. Besides, you were put off as well by finding the caravan's door locked."

"Yes. And I was mainly concerned," he confessed, "for my radio set."

Then he burst out laughing. "Can't you see old Stein's face," he exclaimed, "when he found that the letters weren't Noel's after all!"

"Rather!" said Meg. "Yes, what a horrible sell!" Her laughter pealed out again.

But Noel was not laughing. He had slipped out and left them, and when they found him he was leaning over the gate with his lips compressed and his steady eyes so deep in thought that when they came up to him and Toby touched him on the shoulder he turned and stared at them mechanically for a moment before speaking.

"I wish," he said, with some bitterness, "that I'd never landed you people into all this! Toby, can't you guess how I hate myself for—dragging you into it." He was finding his tormenting thoughts very hard to express. "And you, Meg? You've both been so decent to me, and all that you get in return is this horrible trouble!"

Exchanging a look with her brother, Meg said, "That's rubbish. It isn't your fault, Noel."

"Not much!" cried Toby. "You're bound to consider your uncle."

"And as for me, I'm enjoying myself," Meg insisted.

"And so am I!" exclaimed Toby. "Yes, really, I am!" Then, seeing Noel wince, he corrected himself in a hurry. "I mean it would be rather fun, wouldn't it, Meg, if it wasn't such a serious thing for Noel's uncle?"

Then something snapped in Noel. "It's just that!" he cried. "It's just that! My father had nothing to leave me, no money, no land. All the time it has been for my sake as much as his own that Uncle Dick has been slaving at that invention. It hasn't been easy; he has gone without holidays for it, he has overworked himself, denied himself, been disappointed, more than once has got so near and then found something beat him; but he's never thrown up the sponge, as some people would, because his heart was set on giving me a good start in the world. I know it was really for me. And now!" Noel's voice broke, but he went on. "And now at last he succeeds. Can't you picture his happiness! And then the blow, which will break his heart (yes, it will, though he won't let me see that), when success is stolen from him by a black scoundrel!"

They had never seen him give way to his misery before. He was leaning over the gate again, his back toward them; they stepped back and stood waiting in uneasy silence. When presently he turned round, and his face was restored, his manner was restored: he looked almost himself once more, Toby's resolute, rough-and-ready Colonial.

"I am sorry," he said quietly, "that I gave way. I promise you I won't be a squealer again." His steady smile parted his lips. "Now," he said, "for Sir Pascal." He was raising his bandaged hand and regarding it thoughtfully. And then he regarded the swelling on Toby's cheekbone. He nodded. "Well," he uttered, "Sir Pascal began it."

Now Toby had been thinking. "Old chap," he broke out, "there's a Mr Kitt, he's a magistrate, not far from Epton. Let's go to him."

"What for?"

"To split on Sir Pascal!"

"What do we say?"

"We tell him what Sir Pascal has done."

"About the caravan?"

"No, about your patent."

"About the patent!" Noel echoed.

"And where's our proof, Toby? And who's going to take my mere word against that of Sir Pascal!" He shook his head, he appealed to Meg for her opinion. It came without hesitation.

"Hopeless!" she answered. "Our father might have persuaded Mr Kitt to drop a word perhaps, though even then he'd never have kicked up a fuss without evidence, and he certainly would have believed all Sir Pascal told him. But Mr Kitt would never even listen to us, Toby."

"Besides"—Noel was laughing—"besides, I've a better way, Toby."

"Oh, you've thought of something!" said Toby, looking relieved.

"Oh, ages ago; at least, while I was leaning over the gate. Yes, I'm going to take a leaf out of Stein's book," smiled Noel. "Stein broke into our caravan, didn't he, Toby?"

"Yes," said Toby.

"And I," answered Noel, "intend to break into The Towers."

CHAPTER 18

Noel Defies the Law

NOEL pointed to a big bird with a wide spread of rounded wing and a curved, cruel beak which had alighted on the stump of a tree within a stone's throw. "See that buzzard?" he cried. "It reminds me of Sir Pascal Lench. Buzzards are birds of prey. And so is Sir Pascal; but he's not going to prey on Uncle Dick if I can stop him."

Toby was staring with horror. "But, Noel," he expostulated, "you can't break into The Towers!"

"Oh, can't I!" said Noel. "You watch me!"

"I mean, the law doesn't allow it. Breaking in after dark is called burglary. And burglary is one of the heaviest offences in England."

"I can't help that," growled Noel. "I don't live in England."

"That doesn't matter. You mustn't break into Sir Pascal's house."

"He broke into yours."

"That's different."

"I don't see the difference. Except that his house is stone and yours is on wheels."

"You're trying to pretend that the principle is the same."

"I'm not pretending—it is the same," Noel protested. "Sir Pascal sent Stein to try to get at my private letters. I'll try to get at Sir Pascal's."

"Noel, you don't know what you're saying!"

"I certainly do. Does Great Britain have one law for its mighty Sir Pascal and another for strangers?"

"Oh, do be serious!" urged Toby.

"I am serious."

"I tell you," Toby persisted, "you can't do it."

Noel waited for a few moments, then spoke very slowly and quietly. "Listen, Toby," he said. "I don't want to break your old laws and I wouldn't try to if they could lend me a hand. But they can't. Do you think I can go to your village policeman and say, 'Please, Mister Policeman, Sir Pascal Lench has stolen my uncle's invention. Will you recover it?' The bobby would have a fit!" Noel was smiling.

"So for this occasion only I'll be the Law. Chief Constable Noel Barling all the way from the Colonies. A good old rough Colonial policeman, that's what I shall be." As he finished up his smile became a broad grin. "And it's no good trying to dissuade me, old man," he added. "Tonight is the night. But I've no wish to land either you or Meg into a rumpus," he added.

"Suggesting, are you, that we should desert you?" scoffed Toby. "We're not built that way, Noel."

"I should think not!" cried Meg. "Have you got any rubber-soled shoes with you?"

"By golly," he laughed, "I believe you're a burglar yourself, Meg. Yes, I brought my rubbered shoes. And I'll show you something else that I brought." He went to his locker and, extracting his suitcase, opened it to reveal a black alpaca jacket and a pair of black trousers wrapped round with a coil of strong rope. See? I thought all along that I might want these," he said dryly.

This opened Toby's eyes. "You old terror, Noel! You've been meaning all the time to break into The Towers!"

"No and yes," Noel responded. "If I found I could only recover my uncle's papers by force then the answer is Yes, I admit. But I did mean to go to see Sir Pascal again first and ask him as man to man straight out for the papers. But that's obviously no good now, Toby, so I'm helping myself."

"If you find them!"

"Yes, of course. Perhaps I shan't." Meg came out of a brown study. "Noel," she uttered, "you remember that muttering foreigner I told you about yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"Well, I can't get out of my mind that Sir Pascal has that queer man at The Towers for the object of doing something or other to your uncle's papers. The villagers say the man's never been there before and only arrived fairly recently."

Noel started, then looked at her earnestly, puckering his brows. "I wonder!" he breathed. "I wonder, Meg, whether you've hit it. Suppose that foreigner is a wireless inventor himself! That might explain a whole lot."

"How, exactly?" asked Toby.

"Oh, I can't go as far as 'exactly.' But the foreigner might be copying it."

"It wouldn't have taken him long to copy it, Noel."

"No, I see. Then suppose he is altering; up to some jiggery-pokery with it, at any rate. Might not that account for Sir Pascal's holding the papers back?" Noel turned back to Meg. "Oh, Meg, you're a wonder!" he cried. "I do believe now that that foreigner's in their game somehow. Meg, that's going to help me tonight." His eyes shone.

They were shining with a light of a different quality, a light that was neither the sparkle of excitement nor recklessness, but the steady flame of resolution and courage, when he set off alone for The Towers soon after midnight. His previous exploration had shown him all the short cuts, and, encountering no one, he soon reached the spot where he had climbed the park wall, and clambering again he dropped down on the other side.

It was a very dark night. But the wind was beginning to sweep its way down from the hills. That suited him, he reflected, while he was crouching under the wall and biding his time, because the more the wind rose the less risk he ran of being heard when he tried to get in.

He knew exactly where that attempt was to be made. His investigation from the tree-top the day before yesterday, when the whole building had presented itself to his eyes, had shown a series of skylights one after the other between two turrets that rose from the tiled roof at one side of the house. This interruption in the tiling had seemed to him strange, until it had occurred to him that Sir Pascal might dabble in painting or photography and use such a room as a studio.

However, at the moment this had seemed immaterial, because that which had attracted his main interest was a long black streak which ran up from the ground to the roof and passed at every floor within reach of a window. Viewed from the top of his tree this dark vertical line upon the grey stone had puzzled him, when on a sudden he had reckoned that it was the outline of a fire-escape. Yes, a rope hanging down wouldn't show up like that, he had reasoned; besides, whoever would fasten a rope down the side of a wall?

A fire-escape! Clamped to the wall, and further secured to the masonry at the base of the turrets! With the skylights after that so handy and all! His tree-top had shown him no likelier way to break in, and his eyes had been glistening as he had shinned down the tree. For, although his intention to break in had not been formed then, it was, as he had admitted to Toby, lying on his shelf, so to speak, should its use be needed.

Now, as he stayed crouching under the wall, waiting to give the household time to retire, he was thinking about Meg's suspicions of the muttering foreigner—and there flashed to his mind another purpose for those skylights. Didn't engineers and suchlike people need drawing-offices? Didn't drawing-offices sometimes have overhead lights?

In the wall beneath the turrets the windows were small windows, as one might expect at the very top of the building. So suppose Sir Pascal had had those skylights constructed in order to provide a well-lighted drawing-office? At the top of the house too. So much quieter; and so out of the way if its occupier were working on anything secret!

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO WAKES UP

ONE morning, very early, as Jacko was dressing, he heard a loud noise just outside his window.

It was a dog barking, making a frightful din.

Jacko went over to the window and stuck his head out.

"I thought so!" he muttered. "It's that brute next door."



He went through like a ball

The "brute" was a great Airedale—a new arrival. No doubt the poor thing felt lonely and couldn't settle down to its strange surroundings.

"Shut up, can't you?" called Jacko.

But the dog gave him one look and went on barking.

Jacko got wild. "You can't do that there 'ere," he murmured. "You'll wake the Mater up." For poor Mother Jacko had gone to bed that night with raging toothache.

Opening the door, he crept quietly down the stairs and ran out into the garden.

But when he looked over the fence to his surprise the dog was lying, as peaceful as a lamb, in its kennel.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Jacko, and he turned and went slowly back to the house.

But there he got another surprise. The wind had blown the door to; he was locked out!

Jacko whistled. Now he'd done it!

"Well, well!" he muttered, staring at a great water-pipe that ran up the side

of the house. "It won't be for the first time." Putting one foot on it, he began to climb.

At the top he stepped out on to the roof and made his way to a trap-door that opened on to the attic.

The fastening was stiff with rust. He pulled at it with all his might. The door flew up, caught him on the nose—and sent him spinning! He went through the opening like a ball—plop!

"Help! Police!" yelled a voice. Father's!

Jacko had expected the place to be empty: he had forgotten that owing to spring-cleaning his unhappy parent had been banished there for the night!

A History that is "superior to all of them"

A Glowing Tribute from

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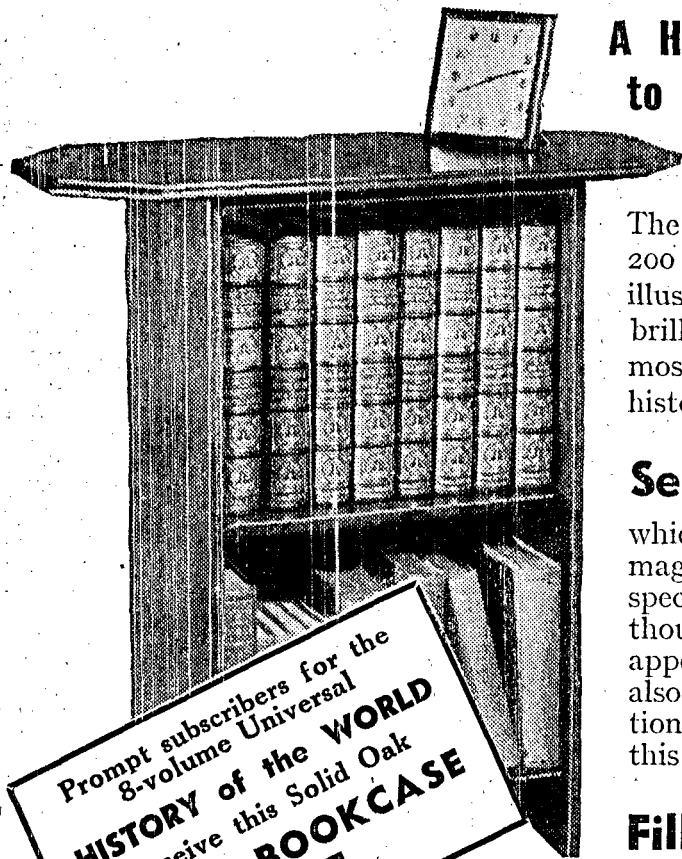
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THE BRAN TUB

Transposition

A WOMAN'S name of foreign fame,
She showed a noble mind;
Quickly transpose, and I suppose
The smallest word you'll find.

Answer next week

Fast and Slow

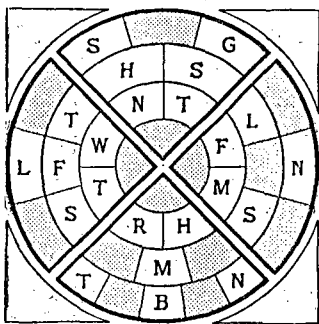
THE new typist had been sent
to take down letters from the
chief, who dictated rather rapidly.

At the end of the first letter the
girl asked sweetly: "Would you
mind telling me, sir, what it was
you said between 'Dear Sir' and
'Yours faithfully'?"

This Week in Nature

AMONG the birds now to be seen
after spending the winter in
warmer parts is the golden oriole.
Its brilliant plumage of gold and
black makes it a conspicuous
object to the sparrowhawk, a
great enemy. When breeding the
golden oriole makes a cradle-like
nest of fine bark and coarse grass
at the top of tall trees and lays
four or five conical-shaped eggs.
The bird's song is similar to that
of the blackbird.

What Are These Places?



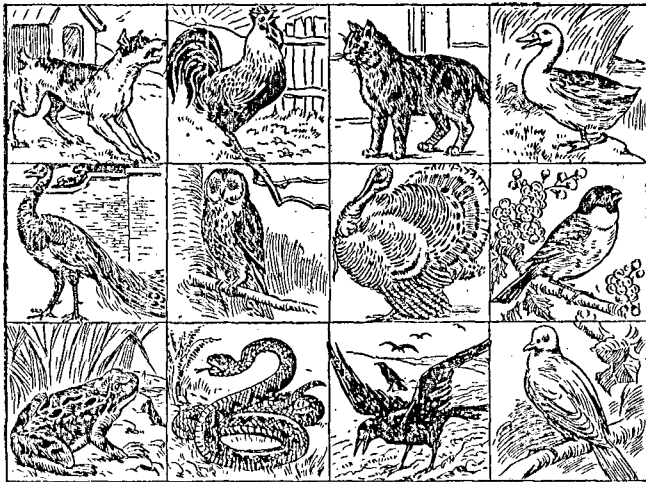
CAN you find the names of the
four holiday resorts in this
circle? They are the places
which appear on the set of Poster
Stamps given away next week.
Consonants only are given, the
shaded spaces representing vowels.
The letters are jumbled.

Answer next week

A Sure Weather Sign

BEFORE starting a day's work in
the garden it is as well to
know what the weather is likely
to be. Go out of doors as early
as possible and watch a small
cloud in the sky for a few minutes.
If the cloud becomes smaller
while you look rain is very un-
likely during the coming 24 hours.
This shows that the upper air is
in a very dry state. When the
cloud does not alter in size to
any noticeable extent there is a

The Voices of the Animals



Do you know what the animals say? Identify the creatures shown here
and couple them in the correct order with their voices as given.

The — quacks; the — hisses; the — hoots; the —
barks; the — caws; the — gobbles; the — screams;
the — croaks; the — crows; the — mew; the —
pipes; the — coos.

Answer next week

possibility of showers. If the
cloud gets bigger while it is under
observation there is a likelihood
of rain, for here there is an
indication of a very moist atmo-
sphere. The more rapidly the
cloud increases in size the sooner
will the rain begin to fall and the
heavier it will be.

The Man in the Moon

THE queer little man in the moon
Was playing a sweet little
tune.

When I said, "Sir, come down,"
He replied, with a frown,
"You must wait till I get a
balloon."

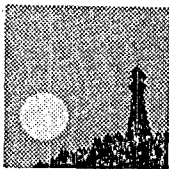
Rebus

JOIN fifty, a small preposition
beside,
To a famed Northern stream,
deep, rapid, and wide;
By which will the name of a city
be found,
For grandeur, arts, commerce, and
learning renowned.

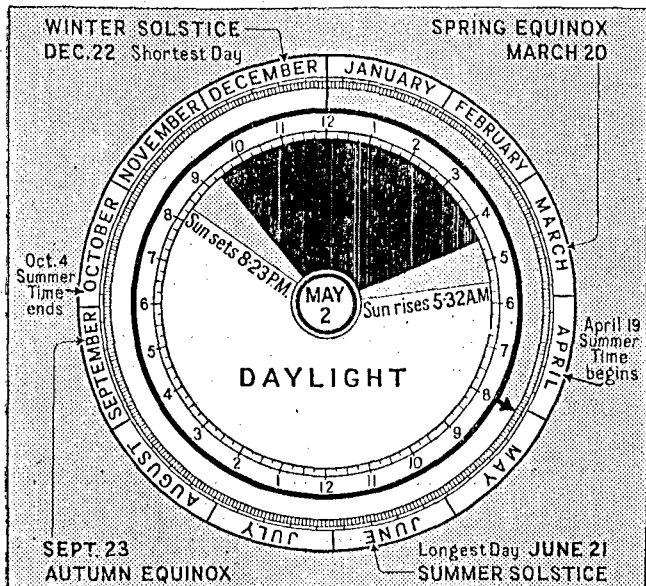
Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury and Mars
are low in the West-North-
West and Nep-
tune is in the
South. In the
morning Jupiter
is in the South-
West and Saturn
low in the East.
The picture
shows the Moon as it may be seen
looking South at 9.30 p.m. on
Wednesday, May 6.



The CN Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 2. The
days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows
at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

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Five-Minute Story

Ted in a Hurry

WHEN Uncle Harry came in
with a new story-book
Ted jumped up to light the
gas. He was in such a hurry
that the match snapped in his
fingers.

"Easy does it!" said
Uncle Harry. "You remind
me of my grandfather and
his tinder-box."

"Oh, do tell me!" said
Ted, scenting a story. "I
must say I can't see the
connection, though."

"No?" chuckled Uncle
Harry. "Well, it looks as if
you have inherited your great-
grandfather's impatience. He
was in a tremendous hurry to
get a light one morning. He
and his brother were going on
an excursion to the seaside.
Trains were novelties then,
very few and far between,
and matches had not become
very common in his part of
the country."

"They had to start at five
o'clock, and the boys were
awake long before daybreak.
They had put the tinder-box
on a chair by the side of their
bed, and Grandfather opened
it, struck flint and steel
together in the usual way,
but failed to get his light. He
struck and struck, and then,
utterly disgusted, hurled the
box across the room. That
didn't help, for it was pitch
dark, and the boys had to
go down on their hands and
knees and grope about the
floor until they found the
precious box."

"Were the flint and steel
inside?" asked Ted.

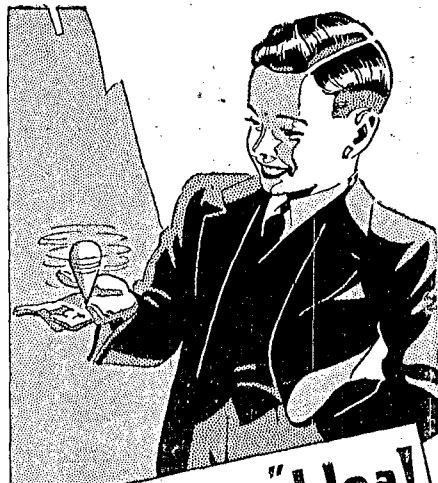
"No; but I believe they
were close at hand. At any
rate, they found them. At last
they had the complete out-
fit, and Grandfather's brother
tried his hand at getting a
light. He was either more
skilful or much luckier, for
the welcome spark came
almost at once."

"Good!" said Ted. "And
did they catch the train?"

"Yes. It was only two
o'clock! Their excitement
had shortened their night's
rest pretty considerably, you
see. Grandfather never forgot
the incident, and often as he
struck a match to light his
pipe he would remember the
struggles of the old days when
such things as matches were
unknown."

"I'm glad we have
matches," said Ted. "They are
fine when we want a light in a
hurry; but I'd like a tinder-
box for lighting my camp-fire.
Do you think we could get
one, Uncle?"

"Yes, I'll fix one up for
you," laughed his uncle. "It
will make a good toy for you,
but if I am coming to have
tea round your camp-fire
I shall take care to bring a
box of matches with me," he
added with a twinkle.



A Topping Idea!

WHO wants to be always wearing
a cap at play-time? Not you!
But you don't want your hair to be
ruffled by the wind like a young raga-
muffin's. What you want to do is to
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